

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LXIX.

No. 3727 December 11, 1915

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VOL. CCLXXXVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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NOW OR NEVER.

Grasp, lover, grasp thy nettle tight!
Beneath the blossom there be stings
Which start and stab; but out of sight

Within that flower lie folded wings.
So now, ere these be set on flight,
Grasp, lover, grasp thy nettle tight!

Those stings which, lightly touched, do harm,—

If thou but hold them fast enough.
Spent of their poison shall disarm;

And, seeming but a little rough,
Reveal beneath the covert form
So dear, and deep, and close, and warm!

The wind of heaven blows so light,
So light of head the blossom swings,
While there within, all tipped for flight,

Still sleep the honey-laden wings.
So, in the safe and secret night,
Grasp, lover, grasp thy nettle tight!

Oh! were man wise to crown his years
With these bright moments as they fly—

Rescue quick hope from fixing fears—
How many a death he would not die!

And with swift snatch from out the grave

His own and other souls would save!

Laurence Housman.

The Nation.

PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

Oh! dear fields of my country, hedges
and lanes and meadows,

Hedges where wild rose blossoms,
meadows where daisies grow,

Fields where the green corn shivers,
lanes where the kindly shadows

Hide from unloving eyes the way
that the lovers go . . .

Still through the loud loom's clanging,
under the tall mill's shadow,

Through dirt and noise of cities live
old sweet sounds and sights:

Birds that sing in the copses, flowers
that border the meadows,

Streams that tinkle and sprinkle
leaves in the magic nights.

Here where the high elms circle an-
cient churchyards and meadows,
Fields where our fathers toiled,
churchyards where now they sleep,

Lanes where our fathers sought the
kind love-sheltering shadows,

And where each lies with his true
love, quiet as dreams are deep.

Every meadow and tree calls to us
now to befriend them,

Fields where our childhood played,
fields where our children play,

Lanes where we walked with those
who cry to our hearts to defend them—

England, my country, speak to each
of your sons to-day!

Trampled and desecrate now are the
foreign woodlands and meadows,

Scarred with the flame of war the
lanes where the Flamand wooed,

Dark is the Flemish land with fiendish
implacable shadows;

Greedy gorgons of guns stand there
where the homesteads stood.

Not for our country alone, our darling,
our mistress, our treasure,

But for the Flemish home-land,
loved of her noble sons,

And for the fields of France, our
brother's glory and pleasure—

God give us grace to face the shells
and the gas, the guns!

For oh! if their case were ours, if the
green of our English meadows

Were red with our children's blood,
what should we hold back then?

If the light of our English fields were
black with the German shadows,

What would the world be worth to
us who are English men?

Summer is soft and sweet in the downs
and the woods and the meadows,

Love calls soft from the lanes, with
grain are the fields alight . . .

God, give me nobler dreams, transfigure
my heart's hid shadows,

Make me Thy Knight, to fight for the
Right in the light of Thy Might!

E. Nesbit.

The New Witness.

IN NEUTRAL AMERICA.

Conditions in Europe and the Near East have been brought home to Americans in America most vividly and from several different angles during the past month. A new phase of the submarine controversy with Germany, the floating of the Franco-Anglo loan, the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians, and the decision of the British Prize Court which resulted in the confiscation of American meat products to the value of about three million pounds sterling, have given the American newspapers much subject-matter and the American people much to talk and think about.

The most important in public interest has been the apparent yielding of Germany to American persuasion in the matter of the submarine controversy. The German Government has apologized for the sinking of the *Arabic*, promised indemnity for American lives lost, and, in the words of the Note presented to Washington by the German Ambassador, orders to German submarine commanders "have been made so stringent that a recurrence of incidents similar to the *Arabic* case is considered out of the question."

No word has yet been received at Washington, so far as is publicly known, concerning the American demand for indemnity for lives lost on the *Lusitania*. The German-American situation, however, as it relates to the sinking by submarines of unarmed merchant liners carrying passengers, may be said to have again reached that point where tension is relieved, pending another "accident" or another "violation of orders" by German submarine commanders. The reason for the second and entirely different Note to Washington on the sinking of the *Arabic* may be found largely in the failure of the German submarine

"blockade" of England to come up to expectations through the great losses sustained by this branch of the German Navy, through the operations of the British Fleet and a changing condition of affairs in America, which makes it more desirable than ever, from a German point of view, to maintain good official relations with that country.

The destruction of many German submarines by the British Navy, of which we learn from neutral sources, notwithstanding the apparent reluctance of the British Government to have it known, has apparently convinced Berlin that to yield this point to a powerful neutral would not be such a sacrifice of advantage as was at first supposed, and that by making the most of this concession it might be possible to secure a more favorable attitude upon other matters now and after the war. German diplomacy in this affair has been unquestionably skilful, and a successful outcome of this rather serious controversy with America is due to the efforts of Count Bernstorff, whose knowledge of America and Americans is much more in correct proportion than that of the Powers That Be in the Wilhelmstrasse.

He has evidently succeeded in convincing his Government of the correctness of his own point of view, hence the second and entirely conciliatory Note dealing with the fate of the *Arabic*, in sharp contrast to the first reply made by Berlin to representations from Washington. There are grave reasons why Germany now desires to remain on as good terms as possible with America. Many of these reasons did not exist, or rather were not nearly so insistent one year ago, as they are to-day. With the disappearance of Dr. Dumba, Count Bern-

storff is left as the sole effective representative in America of the Central Empires. If a breach between the United States and Germany came to pass and Germany's representative were to be given his passports, there would be no official head of the great and powerful German-American influence in America. This would also mean that a score or more of German consuls stationed in large American cities, and exerting in their local spheres a most useful and practical pro-German influence, would be compelled to retire.

Within the past year America has entered the field of foreign loans. Some months ago German securities to the amount of ten million sterling were placed in the United States, and the pro-German papers are now advertising the latest German flotation. Should the United States Government cease to be neutral and openly favor the Allies, there would be no real limit to the amount of money which the Allies could borrow from the American people, for then such borrowings would have official sanction of the American Government. If five hundred million dollars can be secured in a few days, with America avowedly neutral, this amount could be multiplied several times with America openly enlisted on the side of the enemies of Germany.

In the matter of munitions of war, the productive power of American manufacture has increased at least four-fold in the last twelve months and is still growing. It would no longer be necessary for America to keep all production at home—in fact, production and export would be so stimulated as to increase rather than decrease the resources of the Allies. As Germany is now powerless on the sea, America would have no fear of invasion, and a part at least of the American Navy—such as submarines and destroyers—could be used in European waters.

Should America go to war against Germany, the unquestionably valuable services of the active German-American element would be lost to the motherland, financially and in every other way. Such an event, which could only come to pass after great aggravation by Germany, would decrease the number of German sympathizers, even among German-Americans; it would wipe the hyphen out of existence. Barring those who would remain loyal to Germany in any country and under any circumstances because of German birth or blood, the American nation would stand as a unit for America as against any other country, for there is no section of the United States where the people are in suppressed rebellion against their home Government, as is the case in nearly every country in Europe, Asia, and Africa. There is no doubt also that, even in Germany to-day, there are people who will admit the possibility of German defeat, and the future support of America through the German-American influence if its neutrality can be maintained, might be very useful, for this influence extends the world about, even to the City of London.

As soon as this war is over the German sea-borne trade will be looking for a chance to regain its own. In the direction of America is the only chance of a quick revival on a large scale, and if the neutrality of America can be maintained, it will be a valuable asset to German commerce in the trying days of reconstruction such as follow any great conflict, and which in this instance will witness the most remarkable struggle for trade recovery the world has ever seen. The future prosperity of Hamburg and Bremen and their great shipping industries are dependent upon a rapid and complete recovery of American trade. The German merchant vessels now interned in New York and other American har-

bors are not for sale, for this has been tested, and upon their activities to come are founded many German hopes.

Had the militarists been given full sway in Germany in recent months that country would unquestionably have been at war with the United States by this time, and not so very long ago it looked as though this was the direction in which events were tending. That a change has come over the spirit of Berlin and that there is, on the surface at least, a less arrogant attitude maintained towards the world at large, is plainly shown in the present handling of controversial matters with America.

It is estimated that there are at least 50,000 unnaturalized male Germans of military age now living in America. The question of the return of these men to Germany after the war to help fill the gaps in the industrial life of the country caused by military losses has been freely discussed by German economists. A much larger percentage of these men would naturally go back to their motherland if the end of hostilities found America and Germany still at peace than if the two countries had been at war, for in the latter case the sympathies of many of these men would have been alienated by the very acts which led to the final rupture, for the United States would require enormous provocation to cast aside her neutrality.

Even as it is, many a pro-German has been converted into a neutral and many a neutral into a pro-Ally by such events as the sinking of the *Lusitania* and kindred crimes, and some of the converts are of German origin. The goodwill of a majority of the American people can never be recovered by Germany during this war, though quick appreciation has been accorded to Count Bernstorff for his victory over the Berlin Foreign Office, and in this one act he has wiped out much of the personal animosity which he had in-

curred through previous activities. For Germany as a nation there is little liking or sympathy so far as the present war is concerned, and the most recent event which has touched American interest—the massacre of the Armenians and Germany's attitude towards this Turkish crime—is not calculated to allay any of the pro-Ally sentiment.

When a man like Lord Bryce, who stands so highly with the American people, makes a statement, it is generally believed. In fact, so strong was the belief of the American Government in the truth of the charges against Turkey that a protest was sent to Constantinople, and Germany was asked to join with America in a diplomatic intervention on behalf of the wretched Armenians. Germany's cold reception of the suggestion, and her excuse for Turkey to the effect that the massacre of 800,000 men, women, and children was a matter of "military necessity," recalled vividly to mind the campaign of "frightfulness" in Belgium for which the same excuse was given on her own behalf.

A Franco-Anglo Commission has just arranged for a loan to be placed in America for £100,000,000. This does not appear a large amount as compared with the English Budget for the year 1915, but it is the first large foreign loan ever floated in America, and under these circumstances it may be deemed a triumph of Allied finance. The interest paid is high as judged by English standards, but it is lower than can be obtained by Americans by the judicious purchase of first-class securities, and the total amount of the loan nearly equals the total expenditures of the United States Government for all purposes during a fiscal year; hence from an American point of view it is a gigantic credit to be given in an entirely new direction. It seems rather a pity that this loan was not for

double the amount, as it is evident from the subscriptions that a greater sum could have been secured with the same expenditure of time, energy, and money, but presumably the commissioners sent to New York and the New York bankers who conferred with them estimated the amount that could be secured at once and decided it was better to get this now without delay than to play for more at the risk of some delay and even a possible disappointment. It was an experiment also, and as such may be classed as an adventure as well as a business transaction. It will serve as a valuable precedent, and may establish an American habit which will prove valuable to Europe in the days to come. If the moneyed people of America did not believe the Allies were going to win this war, the loan would have failed. It is an American bet of \$500,000,000 that the Allied credit will be fully equal to its obligations when the war is at an end.

At a great banquet given on October 4th in New York to the members of the Franco-Anglo Loan Commission, Mr. Joseph Choate, who presided, said that the sympathy of ninety per cent. of the American people was with the Allies, and Lord Reading, speaking for the commissioners, said: "You have clasped us to your hearts and made us feel what a great bond of sympathy there is between us. We came as strangers, and have been received as relatives." Allowing for all the amenities of the public dinner and the unusual intelligence of the audience present, such an occasion as this should settle once for all the discussion as to where the real sympathies of the real American people lie in the present war.

The fact that this sympathy exists does not mean that there is no cause for or that there may be no friction between England and America or that the American Government is waiving any well-considered rights as a neutral

in dealing with the Allies. Fortunately for Anglo-American relations there are no moral questions at issue between the two nations as there are between Germany and America. Such Anglo-American differences as exist concern matters of international law and the action of the British Courts in the enforcement of British Orders in Council. The most important case in point has been the recent Prize Court decision in which American shippers lost about three million sterling in meat products *en route* to Holland and Scandinavia. From the decision of the British Court an appeal will be taken to the higher British authorities; hence the matter is not yet in its final stage. Assuming that the decision of the Prize Court may be upheld, it is possible the United States Government may then take the matter up through diplomatic channels. The point upon which such action might lie would be the contention that it was necessary for the British Government to prove enemy destination, and not for the shipper to prove to the contrary, as was held by the Prize Court. The decision of the Court was apparently based upon lack of evidence submitted by the defendants as to the neutrality of destination and upon certain circumstantial evidence giving color to suspicion that the goods were expected ultimately to reach the enemy.

Law experts have before now called attention to the one-sidedness of a Prize Court decision. A naval vessel captures a vessel and cargo. It is brought into a port of the country to which the naval vessel belongs. A Court of the nation which owns the naval vessel tries the case against itself, so to speak, and makes a decision as to whether its own action has been legal or not. One suggestion has been made to the effect that after this war the principal countries of the world should enter into an agreement for the

construction of an International Prize Court. In the consideration of cases by such a Court no judge would sit from the countries concerned in the decision or which were at war. In other words, it should always be a strictly neutral Court. The suggestion for such a Court as is here suggested has met with great opposition in England, and Sir Edward Grey has been threatened with dire political punishment if he favors such a plan. Much water will run under the mill, however, before internationalism resumes its place as an active force in the affairs of the world, and discussion thereof can be safely postponed for some time to come.

Except in a few directions, this recent important decision of a British Prize Court, which involved such enormous loss to a few American firms, has caused no unfavorable comment in America. It is well understood there that the circumstances of these particular shipments were abnormal, and that there was reasonable ground for the British authorities to remain dissatisfied with the claim of neutrality of destination. The American Government has shown as yet no interest in the matter. The entire incident is reminiscent of the earlier days of the war when Germany and Austria were receiving supplies over the Italian frontier. It is really a question between the British Government and the neutral countries of northern Europe rather than with the shippers of the country of origin—America. For political and other reasons, however, it has not yet been considered advisable to hold these countries responsible to the extent that might be desired, hence the effort to stop traffic with the enemy by indirect means. In the days before the Civil War in America, when the Government of that country was trying to suppress slave trading on the high seas, a certain American naval officer

in command of the American squadron stationed off the coast of South America was instructed to do what he could to intercept slave vessels trading between Africa and America. Being a simple man of the sea, therefore one of action rather than words, he promptly seized British vessels outward bound and carrying a cargo of beads, knives, and other trading goods *en route* to Africa. The British Government protested. The naval officer was upheld by the American Government. There were heated exchanges between London and Washington, and a crisis was narrowly averted, but in the end the American Government had its way. The moral is obvious as applied to present days. The British Government is engaged in the highly important business of stopping the enemy from getting supplies, and to give a shipper the benefit of a doubt would weaken British defences by nullifying the valuable services of the British Fleet, and it is safe to assume that it will not be done. Millions of pounds of merchandise have already reached Germany since the war began which should never have got there, and the need for tightening up the blockade of German ports is now greater than ever, largely because of lack of severity in the earlier days of hostilities.

The American people as much as any in the world admire success resulting from bold and effective action, and they understand the need for the Allies to use every means in their power to end the war. The fact that American firms might receive hard knocks in the adventure of blockade running would cause no ill-feeling in America. To conduct this war under a set of rules for international etiquette is to give Germany a big advantage, and this is now recognized the world over, especially in America.

On October 11 President Wilson departed from his habit of reticence as to

passing events of controversial nature, and issued a warning to the hyphenated American to drop his hyphen and stand by the country which was his adopted home in its efforts to maintain an honorable neutrality. He said most emphatically that this should be done not only that America might remain at peace, but that peace should be ensured a lasting foundation in the solidity of American national unity which would carry far beyond the period of

The Fortnightly Review.

this war. With the German-American controversy relegated to the sphere of diplomatic conversations, the neutrality of America is apparently more assured for an indefinite time to come than has appeared possible for the past six months, and with the method of carrying on this neutrality by the United States Government and the American people the Allies have no quarrel.

James Davenport Whelpley.

THE STRATEGICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF SERBIA.

Even at the present moment the strategical significance of Serbia is insufficiently understood by the nations at war with Germany and her allies.

In the case of Great Britain this absence of knowledge is perhaps only natural. Serbia occupies only a small place on the map. Besides the interests of Great Britain are not Continental, not European, but world-wide. The British people have to study their numerous vast possessions. In addition they have to familiarize themselves with so many countries which are of direct concern to their Dominions and Colonies that they have scarcely the time to give sufficient attention to the smaller countries situated in a remote corner of Europe. A little reflection, however, will show even to those who have not studied the map that Serbia occupies a position of the very greatest importance in the present War. Otherwise Germany would have disdained to organize a simultaneous attack by German, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish forces against so small a country. Four States with together about 150,000,000 inhabitants are trying to crush and destroy a nation of 5,000,000.

The fact that the German Government is directing the armies of four

States against little Serbia should suffice to show that the German strategists attach vast importance to her downfall, that they believe that the issue of the War may perhaps be decided in that country. Possibly the German strategists are right. It is not inconceivable that the world War will be decided by another Battle of Kosovo.

The importance of Serbia's strategical position can scarcely be overstated, and during the next few weeks the Allies can do a great deal for Serbia and for themselves. Their action in that quarter may indeed determine the issue of the War. I therefore think that the British public would like to be fully informed as to the strategical significance of Serbia by a Serbian. Before proceeding with my argument I would remark firstly that the views expressed in this article are not merely my own, but that they are also held by many of the most eminent Serbians with whom I have discussed the subject; secondly that, in considering the strategical importance of Serbia, I shall look at it not so much from the Serbian national point of view—Serbia is after all only a small factor in this gigantic War—as from the European point of view, for this War is a

war of civilization against militarism, against violence, against barbarism. The British people will no doubt wish to learn what the successful resistance of Serbia, and especially the inviolability of the north-eastern corner of that country, means to all Europe and to themselves, for I shall show that the events of the next few weeks may have the most far-reaching effect upon the issue of the present War and upon the future of the British Empire.

During many years Serbia and Austria-Hungary have been at loggerheads. According to the Austrian version Serbia was a bad neighbor and threatened the integrity of the Dual Monarchy. In reality the Dual Monarchy has been hostile to Serbia and to the Serbians, not merely since the Congress of Berlin but since the eighteenth century. Geographical-strategical reasons have caused Austria's traditional hostility.

Ever since the eighteenth century Russia has endeavored to obtain the control of the Bosphorus and of the Dardanelles in order to secure an outlet to the Mediterranean. Austria has unceasingly endeavored to prevent Russia's advance to the Golden Horn because she desired herself to become supreme in the Balkan Peninsula. Her ambition was supported by Germany. We read, for instance, in Bismarck's posthumous *Memoirs* that Austria might find compensation for the territorial losses which she had suffered in the west and the south by expanding eastward. The course of the Danube naturally impels the Dual Monarchy to expand towards the east. While Russians hoped to control Constantinople, Austrians coveted Salonica. In the Balkan Peninsula Russia and Austria have been competitors since the eighteenth century, and in endeavoring to make herself supreme in the Balkans Austria has always been particularly anxious to acquire Serbia.

That may be seen by the study of the diplomatic correspondence since the time of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, of Joseph the Second and of Prince Metternich. Austria wished to acquire Serbia because of the great strategical importance of the country.

Ever since her defeats of 1859 and 1866 Austria-Hungary has followed a purely passive foreign policy, except in the Balkans. Encouraged by Germany, she endeavored to thwart Russia's progress and to advance herself on the road towards Salonica and Constantinople. In the Balkans Austrian diplomacy has been unceasingly active. Francis Joseph, who elsewhere pursued a policy of abstention and passivity, a weak old man's policy, pursued an energetic and daring policy in the Balkans, for in that direction he felt certain of Germany's support. In fact he acted undoubtedly as Germany's agent. Austria-Hungary was too weak and too disunited a country to be able to embark upon a dangerous foreign policy. Her weakness and her hesitations in all non-Balkan questions, and her recklessness in intervening in the Balkans, suffice to prove that Austria's Balkan policy was made in Berlin.

Foreign policy is largely directed by geographical-strategical factors. The strategical importance of Serbia is very great because it lies across, and commands, the great natural high road which connects the East and the West, Asia and Europe. Providence had placed Serbia, like Belgium, in a strategically most valuable position and across the path of an ambitious military Power.

Since the earliest ages migrating nations and armies have followed the water courses. Rivers indicate throughout the world the advance of man, not only because they provide the necessary drinking water, but also because they furnish cheap and easy

transport. Besides river valleys, especially if they are wide and commodious, allow the movement of large bodies of men. They are usually fruitful, and thus furnish armies with all the food required for man and beast. Moreover, in mountainous districts river valleys indicate the easiest way through the mountains.

Groping for an easy route by which to pass from Asia to Europe and from Europe to Asia, men, following the river beds, discovered that the best route from Europe to Asia was by way of the Danube and of Constantinople. Constantinople is perhaps not so important as a gate of the Black Sea as it is as a gate which connects Europe and Asia. The natural route from Central Europe to Constantinople and to the lands beyond is as follows. It runs along the Danube valley as far as Belgrade. Near Belgrade the broad valley of the Morava opens. This leads from the neighborhood of Belgrade to the south, running in an almost straight line towards Salonica. At Nish this great natural high road branches out. One branch goes south-eastward. After crossing the mountain ranges by easy passes it descends into the valley of the Maritza. It follows the river Maritza to a point beyond Adrianople, and then goes on to Constantinople. The other branch of the great natural high road continues following the river Morava beyond Nish. Then it threads its way through the mountains until it reaches the valley of the Vardar and, following the river Vardar, it arrives at the commodious and excellent harbor of Salonica.

The Balkan Peninsula is covered with a tangled mass of steep and inhospitable mountains which make the progress of man exceedingly difficult. The routes described constitute the easiest connection between Asia and Europe. Hence they have been of the greatest strategical importance since

the beginning of history. In Roman and pre-Roman times the great Serbian high road proved of the greatest value in the old struggle between the East and the West. When, in the Middle Ages, the Turks crossed over from Asia into Europe, they naturally followed the ancient high road along the Maritza and the Morava. Then, as now, Serbia blocked the path of the conquerer. The Turkish hosts could arrive in the rich Hungarian plain only after having overthrown the Serbians, who controlled the great natural high road. These held the pass valiantly. They fought the battle of Christianity against Islam. They endeavored then, as now, to stem the flood of the barbarians and to save Europe, but they did not succeed. After three great battles on the Maritza, at Berat, and at Kossovo, at each of which a Serbian king was killed, the Serbians had to abandon the fight. They were the only nation which defended Christianity against the Turks in the Balkans. While the Christians in the West were praying for the victory of the Serbian arms the Battle of Kossovo took place. The Serbians fought with unexampled heroism, but they were defeated by overwhelming numbers because the reinforcements which had been sent to them arrived too late!

Their success at Kossovo enabled the Turks to descend the Morava Valley towards the Danube, to cross that river at Belgrade, and to sweep northward and westward towards Budapesth and Vienna. United Christianity expelled them from Austria and Hungary and threw them back over the Danube. Henceforth the Balkans became a protecting wall to European Christianity against Turkish aggression, and Belgrade became the vital spot which was unceasingly fought for between Christianity and Islam.

Modern highroads and railways are constructed along the great highroads

made by Nature. A glance at the map shows that the railroads from Berlin and Vienna towards Salonica and Constantinople follow the ancient river routes described above. Now as in former times broad river valleys are most important for the movement of armies. It is difficult to imagine any route from Central Europe to Constantinople alternative to that which was trodden by the Roman legions and by the Turkish hosts.

All who are acquainted with German political literature are aware that it has been the aim of German patriots to create a Greater Germany, to create a Roman-German Empire far exceeding in extent and power that founded by Charlemagne. German statesmen and scientists considered that thinly populated Asia Minor was the most desirable territory to acquire, not only because the country was exceedingly rich in natural resources of every kind, such as excellent harbors, a very fruitful soil, and enormous mineral deposits, but also because the Turks of Asia Minor could be converted into excellent soldiers, and because Asia Minor is a gigantic natural fortress which separates and connects the three continents of the Old World. It is a country whence three continents may be dominated. Ever since the time of Frederick the Great have the Hohenzollerns endeavored to become the protectors of the Turks, to use the Turks for purposes of their own. Indiscreet Pan-Germans have published books and maps depicting a Greater Germany stretching from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, or even from Antwerp to Aden, long before the present War began. The present War might conceivably make the hopes and dreams of the Pan-Germans come true. The Berlin-Baghdad railway was not merely an economic undertaking, but it could be carried out only if Serbia, which holds the pass, could be incor-

porated in some form or other in the Austro-German combination. This explains the unceasing hostility of Austria-Hungary, which no doubt acted on Germany's behalf as has already been stated, and it explains why the Dual Monarchy declared during the Balkan War that she would make war upon Serbia if the Serbians retained the ports on the Adriatic which they had conquered. Serbia was not to have an outlet on the sea. She was to be isolated, so that she could not receive any assistance from her friends at the moment when Austria-Hungary and Germany wished to seize that part of the great strategical high roads to Salonica and Constantinople which is in Serbia's keeping.

Some of the greatest wars have been fought for the control of narrows because of their vast strategical importance. Millions of lives have been lost, not in the struggle for Constantinople, but in that for the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Constantinople itself is of no importance. The Suez Canal connects the Mediterranean with the Indian Ocean. It is the water gate between Asia and Europe exactly as the line from Belgrade to Nish and Constantinople is the land gate between these two continents. Germany's domination of the shortest and the best land route from Europe to Asia would undoubtedly be followed by an attempt to control the alternative gate, the water gate, as well. The small desert which separates Asia Minor from the Suez Canal can be overcome with railways. Germany's domination of Asia Minor and her organization of that country, the building of strategical railways through the Turkish dominions in the direction of Egypt and India, would probably make Egypt untenable and would gravely threaten England's position in India. These are dangers of the future. They are dangers which, however, must not be lost

sight of in considering the present strategical position.

Now let us consider the significance of Serbia from a narrower point of view. Let us inquire into the significance of Serbia's integrity in the present War.

Germany and Austria-Hungary have, in the course of fifteen months of warfare, succeeded not only in preserving their territorial integrity on the Continent of Europe, but also in conquering nearly the whole of industrial Belgium, a substantial part of the most industrial regions of France—Lille is the French Manchester—and a large portion of Russia with Poland. Poland is Russia's Lancashire. The Belgian, French, and Russian territories held by Germany and Austria-Hungary are approximately as large as the whole of the United Kingdom, and they contain about 30,000,000 people. The present War is largely an industrial war. It is fought by machinery. By seizing the most valuable industrial districts on the Continent Germany's manufacturing power has been very considerably increased. That is a very serious matter.

We must look at both profit and loss. While the German-Austrian combination has gained vast stretches of territory dotted with coal mines and covered with enormous factories of every kind, it has lost millions of men, and the blockade by the British Fleet has produced a scarcity of food and of certain raw materials. Germany and Austria-Hungary are in dire need of men and of certain raw material, especially metals, and of food. Turkey, on the other hand, has an abundance of men, of raw materials, and of food; but she lacks manufactures, arms and ammunition, and organization. Bulgaria, which separates Turkey from Austria-Hungary, has been drawn into the German Alliance, but Germany can create an organic connection between Austria-

Hungary and Turkey only by way of Roumania or of Serbia. So far Roumania has steadfastly refused to allow German war materials to be passed through her territory. Hence the Germans have thrown themselves upon Serbia, which provides the most commodious route towards Constantinople.

In attacking Serbia simultaneously in the north with German and Austrian troops and in the east with Bulgarians, who are apparently reinforced by Turks, it is perhaps not Germany's aim to conquer all Serbia. That task would be extremely difficult because of the mountainous nature of the country and the determination of the people. Besides it would scarcely be necessary. Serbia consists of an elongated strip of land which runs from north to south, and the natural high road and railway from Belgrade to Salonica runs through its entire length. It is, so to say, the backbone of the country. Perhaps one ought rather to say that the great valleys of the Morava and the Vardar form the backbone, while the railway running through the valley route has the function of the spinal cord.

Germany, as was said before, possibly does not wish to conquer the whole of Serbia. Although of enormous importance to Serbia, the route from Belgrade to Salonica is of comparatively little importance to Germany, while that from Belgrade to Constantinople is of the greatest importance to her. The control of that railway will enable Germany to provide herself with raw materials, food, and fighting men from the Turks, and it will make it possible for her to send to the Turks all the guns and ammunition, all the manufactures, and all the officers and non-commissioned officers they may need. The control of that portion of the Belgrade-Constantinople railway which runs through Serbia would immensely

strengthen Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. That is perfectly clear.

The railway line from Belgrade to Salonica has been described as Serbia's spinal cord. It is indeed vital to Serbia because Salonica is the only harbor whence the Allies can send her help by railway. If we now glance at a map of Serbia we find that the Salonica railway runs at a considerable distance from the Bulgarian frontier, except in two places where Bulgarian territory penetrates deeply into Serbia and comes dangerously near that precious railway. In the south, not far from the Greek frontier, a piece of Bulgarian territory, shaped like a fist, projects deeply into Serbia and approaches the Salonica line within two or three miles. This is the spot where, since the beginning of the War, Bulgarian bands, composed of soldiers who had discarded their uniforms, have endeavored to isolate Serbia from the outer world by destroying the railway, blowing up bridges, etc. Further north, near the town of Vrania, on the Salonica railway, where at the moment fighting is going on, Bulgaria bulges out and the Bulgarian frontier runs parallel with a considerable portion of the Salonica railway at an average distance of less than twenty miles. It is clear from the scanty reports which have come to hand that the Bulgarians' plan has been to reach and to destroy the railway, so as to prevent the British and French troops which have been landed from coming rapidly to the help of the Serbians who are fighting the German and Austrian invaders in the north. Between Nish, the point where the route to Constantinople branches off from the Belgrade-Salonica route, and Salonica itself, there is a very large number of important bridges, tunnels, cuttings, etc., which may be destroyed and which cannot easily be repaired.

Germany desires chiefly a smooth,

easy and uninterrupted communication with Turkey by way of Bulgaria. The German object would therefore be achieved if the north-east section of Serbia, with the Belgrade-Nish-Sofia-Constantinople railway, should pass under German control. By threatening the Serbian flanks the German, Austrian, and Bulgarian troops are apparently endeavoring to force Serbia to evacuate that vital fifth of the national territory. If, by being threatened in the flank and rear, the Serbians should be compelled to withdraw their army so as to prevent its being captured in its entirety, the Belgrade-Nish-Constantinople railway would fall into Germany's hands, and the Germans might content themselves with fortifying the territory to the west and south of that vitally important line, and await, in another line of trenches, the attacks of the Serbian army and of the French and British troops. Meanwhile the invaluable connection between Berlin and Baghdad, between Turkey and Germany, would have been created, and day by day both Germans and Turks would become stronger by the interchange of the things which they require from each other. The British blockade would be nullified.

Reference to the map shows that the distance which separates Belgrade from the little frontier town where the invaluable strategical railway to Constantinople runs into Bulgaria is about 200 miles. Conceivably the Germans may not succeed in covering that distance, even if they are strongly supported by Bulgarian troops operating in the south-east. However, the principal aim of the Germans may be fulfilled even if they fail to seize this invaluable railway. In the extreme north-east of Serbia a distance of only thirty miles separates Austria-Hungary from the nearest point on the Bulgarian frontier. By a powerful thrust from the north the Serbian

troops defending that little corner might be forced to fall back on the main body of the army. In that event Germany might occupy that little piece of territory and fortify it towards the west against the Serbian attack in the usual manner. The railway which runs from Temesvar to Bucharest enters Roumania near Orsova on the Danube, at the very point where the distance between Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria is shortest. The thirty miles separating the Austrian railway station of Orsova from the nearest Bulgarian town might very rapidly be covered either by a normal railway track or by a light railway. Bulgaria and Turkey could thus receive reinforcements and materials from Germany, and Turkey and Bulgaria might send human and material reinforcements to the two Germanic States. A road and railway connection would speedily be created. Besides it will be noticed that the Danube forms the frontier line between Serbia and Roumania along the small but vitally important portion of territory in question. After the evacuation of the small north-east corner of Serbia and its occupation by German and Austrian troops, men and material might be sent to and fro between Austria-Hungary on the one side and Bulgaria and Turkey on the other by way of the Danube. Incidentally it might be mentioned that this small, but strategically so valuable district contains the Bor Mine, one of the richest copper mines in the world. Its wealth and importance may be gauged by the fact that its shares, which are of 500 francs, were recently quoted at 9000 francs in Paris. From that mine and from the valuable copper mines under Turkish control Germany could probably obtain all the necessary copper which is so vitally important to her.

The struggle between the two groups of Powers for the control of Serbia is

extremely important, and it may vitally affect the issue of the War for two reasons. In the first place, an organic connection between Turkey and Austria-Hungary will enable the two Empires to send to the Turks officers, men, and material of every kind, and will therefore vastly strengthen the Turkish striking force which might be employed either at the Dardanelles or against Egypt, or even in the direction of India. Moreover, the Turks might vastly strengthen the power of Germany and Austria-Hungary by sending them hundreds of thousands of soldiers and the raw material and food which the two Empires lack. Whether an organic connection between Turkey and Germany would be utilized in Europe or in Asia would be a matter for the German Government to decide. Dominating the precious inner lines, vast German-Turkish forces might be used either in one of the European theatres or in the Asiatic theatre of war. In the second place, the defeat of Serbia would very gravely disturb the balance of man-power to the disadvantage of the Entente. If Serbia should be crushed, the Entente Powers would lose the support of 400,000 proved soldiers while the German group of Powers would gain 400,000 Bulgarians, not reckoning the Turks. Serbia's defeat, in other words, would alter the balance of man-power by nearly 1,000,000 men in Germany's favor, even if Turkey should not send a single soldier to Germany. Bulgaria's defeat, on the other hand, would greatly improve the balance of man-power. If the Germans should be able to pass officers and men, guns and ammunition freely into Turkey, their first endeavors would probably be directed against the British forces at the Dardanelles and against the Suez Canal. With reinforcements, sound leading and a sufficiency of guns and ammunition, a Turkish attack on either would be very formidable.

The Suez Canal and the British forces in the Gallipoli Peninsula are defended in Serbia.

The details given in these pages show that the preservation of Serbia's integrity is not merely a Serbian interest, a Balkan interest, or a European interest, but that it is an interest of civilization as a whole. The combination of German organization, German intelligence, and German industrial power with Mahometan fanaticism might endanger civilization. Only a small fragment of territory separates at present those two forces. The German Emperor declared at Damascus that he would be the friend and protector of the 300,000,000 Mahometans throughout the world for all time. Under German protection Mahometanism may have a revival and may once more become a great danger to the world. Islam is a conqueror's creed. The great Mahometan Empire, like that of Napoleon the First, was held together by glory, prestige, success. Defeated it crumbled. Conquering Islam directed and controlled by Germany may conceivably have a revival.

The Allies have unfortunately lost much time in coming to Serbia's aid. At the moment when Bulgaria mobilized they ought to have begun the dispatch of troops to Salonica. The Allies not only allowed Bulgaria to

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mobilize her army but even to concentrate it. The Salonica railway is supposed to be able to despatch 10,000 men per day. During the ten days of Bulgaria's mobilization, while France and England observed an attitude of impassivity, allowing events to develop, an army of 100,000 men might have been assembled at the vital spot on the Serbian frontier. Those ten days were unfortunately lost. Let us hope that Serbia succeeds in holding out till adequate reinforcements arrive, that she and civilization will not experience a second Battle of Kossovo. If the Salonica road should be blocked, the French and British troops can reach Nish by more circuitous roads from Salonica. In addition there are, of course, the alternative routes towards Serbia from the harbors on the Adriatic. Energetic and immediate action should be able to bring the Serbian army very large reinforcements in a short number of days. But every moment counts. As I ventured to say in the beginning, a few weeks, and perhaps a few days, may determine the fate of Serbia; and Serbia's downfall, as I have endeavored to show, may have the most far-reaching consequences. It may determine the issue of the War and with it the future of civilization.

Dr. Niko Zupanic.

THE TOLLHOUSE.

BY EVELYN ST. LEGER.

CHAPTER X.

The war hadn't been on more than three months and a bit when we suffered in our village as bitterly as most.

Up at the house, the light had gone out of Sirenry's eyes. There was a silence spreading heavily from the

house to the village. Master George was dead.

Towards evening, there had been a telegram for Sirenry; and the next morning our men going to work saw the flag at half-mast. They asked the reason, and, when told, there seemed to be a cry of anguish from every

house, muffled, because of her ladyship.

Master George! It couldn't be. It could not be our Master George! Why, 'twas only the other day he was a little lad, playing at soldiers amongst us all. Our little lad he was, for he belonged to the village as much as any of the boys, and he had gone to the war in his khaki—brave as a lion, had Master George—only three weeks before. Our first thought was for her ladyship and the family, but our second was for Mrs. Kidston—his old Nannie. How would she bear it?

We went about our work all morning with tears in our eyes. Nobody spoke above a whisper. We couldn't. The grief that we felt could not be spoken of by us any more than by Mrs. Kidston. For the first time in the last twelve years, the door of the Tollhouse was shut when there was no visitor inside. Later in the day, she came out and went up to the house, and Parson came as usual, and we had prayers, but without Mrs. Kidston. She couldn't face us and them just at once.

We had a lovely service for him in the church: not only for him, it was for all that had died in the war. It was a lovely service. Such a lot of music, with an anthem; and Miss Lessor sung the treble without any going down on bended knee of anybody. She just asked to be allowed to sing for Master George, and Parson he let her without a word, and she sang better than she ever done in her life. Quite true she was, and soft; it was wonderful to hear her.

And the family were fine. My word! but we can be proud of the family in our village. They do set us a noble example at every turn, both in life and death; their practice is better than a Bishop's precepts. Sirenry looked bowed and broken, but fine, very fine, he was; and her ladyship was upright

as ever, but her dear face looked like wax. Not a particle of color in it, and she wasn't in mourning. Nothing new and gloomy for Master George—just what she had been wearing for her sailor uncle and the cousins.

And Miss Mary—well, who can blame her with her own trouble sore upon her young heart?—she kept her face hidden, she did, and we knew she was crying, and didn't wonder. We cried with her. Who could help it, remembering her Primrose Captain and his uncertain fate, and the now certain fate of her brother, Master George? It was awful for her, poor young lady, and she not accustomed to sorrow. Mrs. Kidston sat with the children—they would have it—and it made her seem like the old Nannie again of long, long ago. She was in deeper black than any of the family, and was the only one with a black border to her handkerchief, which no one could help noticing.

We sang "Fight the Good Fight," and "For All the Saints"—leastways the choir managed it. Most of us were too choked to sing, though we wanted to, for they were Master George's favorite hymns; and then Parson preached a beautiful sermon. None who heard it could ever forget it. About striving lawfully it was, from Timothy, that "if a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully"; and, without mentioning names, it seemed to point to Master George all through, in one way, and the German Emperor in another. Wonderful clever combination it must have been, for two people more unlike you couldn't find, unless it was Mrs. Kidston.

And that's where we are in our village after three months and a bit of this awful war. We mayn't have done much, not as much as in London, or the big towns perhaps, but we've done our best, and we've given our Best.

We have given Master George out and out to the Lord of Hosts, Who can crown him or not as He thinks fit, knowing as we do that he strove lawfully while he was with us here on earth. From his first cricket-match with us here on the village green, a little lad in his white suit playing with our lads against the town boys, he strove lawfully for the mastery. He learnt to play the game, did Master George, on our green, and he played it right through life, and we know he played it in his death on the battlefield. He wouldn't care about the crown particularly, no more do we, he just did what he did because he couldn't do anyhow different could Master George; but I feel he'll like to know about the milk-boy the morning that the news was known. He went to the Tollhouse as usual, seemingly quite brave, but when he saw Mrs. Kidston, he broke down, poor lad, and setting his can in the corner he cried hard. Mrs. Kidston said, "What's the matter?" first of all, then she knew and she said, "Is it Master George?" and old Davies's grandson put his arms against the wall and buried his face in them. "He was my Hero," he sobbed out, "my hero was Master George," and Mrs. Kidston just let him stay and cry with her.

"Mine too," we all say when we hear the story; only nineteen, but a hero to us all is Sirenry's eldest son and heir.

Poor Sirenry, broken and bowed, but fine, very fine he is. He has forgiven her ladyship for letting Miss Mary see the Primrose Captain before he went to the war; and we think from little bits we hear that he has forgiven the Primrose Captain for loving Miss Mary so. Nice he is to her too; walking round the garden very often with his arm on her shoulder, talking: perhaps about Master George, perhaps about her man, wounded and still

missing. The suspense for her is awful; but she is brave is Miss Mary, so is the family, they are all brave and set us a noble example.

We keep busy with the needlework and the Belgians; we have got another family now. Sirenry's family, this is, and they are grateful for what we can do, and it makes us happy having them to do for; and there's a rifle range now for the men of the village in memory of Master George, and Mr. Collins he comes two evenings a week and teaches them how to shoot, so that's how we are in our village, and we wonder what will happen before Christmas.

The Tollhouse is still the centre of attraction, for the latest news is always posted up by Mrs. Kidston. Sirenry sends it to her the minute he's read it, and she cuts out bits from the papers that'll help the recruiting in every way; and day by day the things get changed and we find a new map, or a receipt for how a blanket can be used as an overcoat, or how the men on the march can make the hard leather boots they wear as soft and comfortable as velvet—many's the trick we learn from the side wall of the Tollhouse.

And the roll of honor is there—our village roll of honor—for all to read, with dear Master George's name last at the moment of writing, but not least; and the prayer list beside it still has Alice's sweetheart on it, and the name of Miss Mary's man wounded and missing—our Primrose Captain.

Mrs. Kidston, looking at it one day with me, said quietly, "He'll come back. I know that, he'll come back to Miss Mary, as sure as the German Emperor will be beaten by King George. One's as certain as the other."

"How do you know, Mrs. Kidston?" I said under my breath.

"I don't know how, I just know,"

she said. "It's going to be, it's got to be, the faith of the village depends on it. The Primrose Captain is coming back to Miss Mary, you'll see." She ran her eye down the Roll of Honor. "The village is paying toll to the Lord of Hosts," she said softly, "but we can still say 'Blessed be the Name of the Lord.'"

The most unselfish thing Mrs. Kidston ever did, and the bravest and the kindest, was when she gave her own Master George's letter to the village.

He wrote to his old Nannie, did Master George, from a place unknown; and Mrs. Kidston, when she received it, was like a weeping Queen. Proud and glad she was, through her tears, for it reached her a week after she knew her boy was dead.

She only kept it to herself one day, the next it was hanging behind a sheet of glass bound round the edge, by our carpenter, with strong brown paper. Not on the side wall of the Tollhouse. Not along with other maps and notices. It hung by itself in the middle of Mrs. Kidston's door. When the door was shut, we could read it from the road. When the door was open, as it usually was, we had to stand in the porch. Mrs. Kidston let us stand and encouraged us to talk. I think it was the finest thing she ever did, not keeping it all to herself. Since then she has had her reward, for she is known as the best recruiting-sergeant in five towns, and she loves to have it said for Master George's sake.

This is the little letter that he wrote her the last full day he was alive:

Master George's Letter.

"DEAR OLD NANNIE,—If you could see me now, and the state of my clothes, you would take a fit, and then I know you would want to wash me and mend me. We are dirty from head to foot, dog tired, but gay as larks. If it were not for seeing the other poor fel-

lows knocked out, this would be the most glorious life a man can live, if only for an hour. I haven't been in the firing-line yet, but we expect to be soon. The men are splendid, they know we are up against a big thing, but we believe England is bigger, and she can be proud of her sons. When I have done my little bit, I hope the village won't have to be ashamed of me. You will be amused to hear that your 'omen' is my stock story out here and very popular, for every one believes you are right. We are going to win, but we want all the help we can get because Heaven helps those who help themselves, so go on, Nannie dear, sticking up your notices on the Tollhouse, and get the men to enlist, tell them from me there must be no slackers, and we must not count the cost till after peace has been restored.

"With love,

"Your affectionate

"GEORGE.

"PS.—Don't let mother worry."

CHAPTER XI.

Things seemed to get very quiet towards the end of the year. The excitement of the war was settling down into a grim feeling of endurance with a horrible necessity. Some of us wondered what we felt like when there wasn't a war, and wished we had more appreciated that beautiful time of peace; others foreboded evil in the New Year, and openly said the churchyard was the best place for those lucky enough to get there first.

Suddenly there seemed to come a lull in the fighting, and the papers, including *The Times*, was hard put to it to scratch up enough news to interest us all. There were despatches from Sir John French—very good reading for some, no doubt, but wanting in interest so far as the village was concerned, for none of our men were mentioned. The Primrose Captain was still reported as missing and wounded, and nothing and nobody of our own

appeared to be doing anything worthy of remark anywhere.

This being the case, we were all at a standstill, you may say; nothing from outside seemed to move our village, so our village, being what it is, started moving itself.

It got a spy scare, and you wouldn't believe—unless you've known of the Russian rumor—you wouldn't believe how easy it is to be scared of nothing.

It began with a pedlar selling boot-laces—a common enough sight any day of the week, and old Davies bought a pair and laid them down on his table and then forgot about them. His little grandchild, Maria's youngest, grabbed at them on its own account, and began to suck one as though it was a stick of liquorice. By and by the babe was sick, and before dark that pedlar had become a German spy, and was going about poisoning all the wells of the villages he had passed through.

No one saw him go—that in itself was suspicious. We had all seen him come, many of us had spoken with him, and refused his wares. Most of us suddenly recollected that he had a curious accent and a shifty look in his eyes. The doctor was called in to see the babe; the postman brought news of a man being arrested near the reservoir, which promptly made our man merely one of a gang going about the country on a murderous errand. Parson was seen on his bicycle tearing off in the direction of a farm, where, without a word being said, we were sure a laborer was mysteriously lying in agony at death's door, and by night time the agitation was complete.

The next day an inspector came and talked to our policeman, and he also went to see Mrs. Kidston, whose brother was calling on her just by chance, and he left out of politeness when the inspector arrived. Seeing this from my window I thought it was

hard Mrs. Kidston should be all alone with a strange man, even if he was a police inspector, and even that we had no proof of, save his uniform, which might be a disguise for all we could tell. So I went out and passed Mrs. Kidston's door very slowly, that she might call to me if she had a mind, which I suppose she hadn't since she didn't use it for that purpose, and I waited about and listened, but couldn't hear what was said.

By the end of the day that inspector was a spy—or rather a traitor—and he had taken in our policeman, who had talked to him fair and square, as man to man, never dreaming he was giving information to the enemy; and by the end of the week, with this sort of thing going on daily, we didn't know where we were.

Something had leaked out somewhere, and somebody was wanted. That was as much as we knew. It was vague, but it was frightening, because the something was only known to three people at the War Office, every one of whom could be relied on to keep the secret, and yet it had leaked out, and a plan had been foiled. A plan of great importance to England had somehow been communicated to Germany, and of the three people who knew of it, one was Sirenry!

It stopped our breathing for a moment; then we saw that the visit of the pedlar was, of course, explained. He had come into our village, not only to poison our wells but to pick up something that might be of use to his side. Instantly we all became private detectives; there wasn't a single soul of our acquaintance we didn't suspect, not a single soul that somebody didn't feel but what they were capable of giving away information, though they might not intend to do harm.

What any of us had to give away, we none of us knew; but the awful and terrifying fact remained that some-

thing of importance to the Government was known to Sirenry, and Sirenry lived in our village, and the village had been visited by a spy, and was now possibly infested by them; each of us, quite unawares, might be living next to a lifelong friend in danger of arrest any minute.

Then the impossible happened. Impossible and improbable. No one ever could guess, not in a month of Sundays, if they was to try ever so.

We saw that Mrs. Kidston was being watched!

Mrs. Kidston! In our village! What we felt and suffered is not describable in words. Mrs. Kidston never spoke to us about it, she went on in her own ways just as usual; but we, knowing our lady, knew what she must be enduring in her proud silence. An inspector, not always the same one, came every day, and met our policeman at the cross roads and had some conversation with him; they invariably turned into the Tollhouse, or stood just outside, talking to each other and to Mrs. Kidston, apparently quite casually and as if it did not matter whether she was there or not. But one day when she wasn't there, when we knew she had gone up to the house, the inspector tried the door, and then asked the milk-boy, who happened to be passing, if he knew where Mrs. Kidston was.

He, stupid-like, told the truth at once, not knowing that it was perhaps a matter of life and death not only to Mrs. Kidston but, maybe, to the family, and he said she had gone up to the house.

The inspector and the policeman looked at each other, so the lad owned afterwards, and when he went on they both sat down on the low wall at the side of the road and waited. It may have been only ten minutes; to us, watching and wondering how best we could warn Mrs. Kidston without at-

tracting attention, it seemed hours upon hours.

At last we saw her walking in her leisurely fashion down the road, and we held our breaths with fear lest she should be taken unawares and pounced on at the door of her own house. She came on boldly, saw the two men on the wall, who rose and spoke to her. She nodded her head and preceded them into the cottage. They both followed, and stayed there some ten minutes or so. When they came out, our policeman walked with the inspector, who wheeled his bicycle along, both talking earnestly and looking very grave. Then they parted company, and our village guardian returned to the cross roads and kept his face always in the one direction, the one unexpected quarter where presumably danger lay. The more dangerous, probably, in that it was so quiet, so orderly, so altogether the last place where anyone would think of looking for it.

That night a rumor ran like wildfire through the village and made us dumb with horror.

Sirenry had been expected home by the five o'clock train, and he had not come—the reason given was scarcely above a whisper.

Sirenry was detained in London, because he had been thrown into the Tower.

I can't describe that night. It was a night of horror, the worst since the war began. If the Germans had only known, it was a chance for them. If they had come that night they would have found no resistance. They might have shot us all, burnt our houses, pillaged our gardens—we wouldn't have cared. What did anything matter now we had a spy or a traitor in our midst, and Sirenry shut up in the Tower? Her ladyship would follow, we knew that; she wasn't one to stay quietly and comfortably at home with her lord languishing in a dungeon. She

would be off at break of day, we all agreed upon that in the early morning light when we met to discuss the situation, and possibly see the motor with its precious freight tearing along the station road.

Perhaps we were overstrung, perhaps the war had got on our nerves, perhaps it was reaction from the almost saintly behavior of the village at the time of Master George's death, perhaps it was the sickening suspense for Miss Mary, in the absence of news of her Primrose Captain; all or any of these things possibly combined to put us in that frame of mind that glories in lies and turns angrily upon the truth.

If the truth had come to us by Mr. Collins's voice, or if it had been brought to us by Parson, or in any other way, we might have borne it without showing more than mere disappointment that it was the truth; but when it reached us in the commonplace person of Maria Davies, returning from a twenty-four hours' visit to her relations, we were so filled with resentful anger against her that the whole place seemed suddenly possessed of the devil.

Cross wasn't the word to describe us all. We were cross with the German Emperor, first and foremost, for not finishing the war off quicker; we were cross with the Government for not having seen that an army would be wanted one day, and for not having attended to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. We were cross with the War Office for ever telling Sirenry anything that mattered like that secret. It isn't fair on a man like Sirenry, who's got this village to look after and plenty of things of his own to see to—it isn't fair to burden him with important information, and then blame him if it leaks out. 'Tisn't his fault, that we can all swear to, far more likely one of the other War-officers let it out; our men bet none

can say fewer words on interesting subjects than Sirenry—always supposing it was interesting and important, which none of us really know, codes and ciphers being very misleading for the most part; it was enough to make anybody cross, it was; and if it wasn't enough, surely to goodness the throwing him into the Tower was ample. The Tower was bad, but the throwing him in was worse—like adding injury to insult.

At the back of our minds, staring us in the face, we saw the words "and executed." All down the ages history had impressed this upon our memories. "He was thrown into the Tower, and executed." We had read it so often. "She was thrown into the Tower, and executed." There was no chance for any of them once they were thrown into the Tower; the only thing of interest that ever happened to them after that was being executed.

Well, we gloated in horrors for some hours before we spied the motor coming from the house. It did not stop a second, but dashed round Mrs. Kidston's corner and away down the station road. I thought it was empty, but Miss Lessor saw her ladyship in it, quite plain. Cross we were at once with each other over that; and I started out to ask Mrs. Kidston, and fell in with Maria Davies at my own gate, walking up in her bonnet.

"Going to fetch Sirenry," she said, nodding at the cloud of dust; "and he's late, is Master Shover."

I looked at her pityingly. "My poor woman," I said, "don't you know, haven't you heard? Sirenry's in the Tower! Thrown into the Tower of London last night!"

"You don't say?" she said, and staring me full in the face. Miss Lessor came out and joined us, and one or two others. The circle increased, and gradually stretched half across the road.

"Didn't you know that, Maria?"

"No, nor anybody else, who isn't ignorant of facts," she said. "Sirenry was at the Tower last night, right enough, but he wasn't thrown there by no one, which I'd like to see them try for their pains. Sirenry dined at the Tower last night, he did, with the Governor; maybe he walked, maybe he rode, maybe he flew, his manner of progression was not divulged, either going or coming."

"Dined?" We said it faintly, and there seemed a tinge of disappointment in the sound.

"Yes, dined, my poor dears. Mrs. Kidston could have told you."

"We haven't been able to ask Mrs. Kidston—Mrs. Kidston is being watched."

"Lor! Who by?"

"The police."

Maria Davies began to laugh, and we let her know we were cross. "You weren't here yesterday afternoon," we said, "or you'd have seen, what we saw; it's no good laughing at what you don't understand."

"All right, I suppose she's a spy now?"

"Well, we don't know who is, or who isn't. But the police keep coming here, and watching the cross roads, and going into her house, and talking together—very upsetting it is to all concerned, we all left in the dark, no one to explain nothing to us.

"I'll explain!" Mrs. Davies pulled herself up, tilting her body backwards and a little sideways, so that her bonnet descended over one eyebrow and covered it completely.

Ruthlessly, and without a trace of fact, Mrs. Davies robbed the situation for us of all that was picturesque and heroic, and dashed us on to the hard ground of common sense.

The secret that the Government prized so highly was Sirenry's own, and 'twas he that told it to the other

two, so if anyone was to blame it wasn't Sirenry. The spy—the bootlace spy—wasn't a spy at all, nor even a German; his father, pure English by a Welsh mother, kept a shoe-shop where Maria's people lived, and trade being bad, the son had gone out peddling to make a bit on his own; he knew nothing about poisons, and was frightened to death of wells, having once dreamt that he fell into one. Mrs. Kidston wasn't being watched, she was being consulted; they wanted her brother to be a special constable, and Mrs. Kidston was to persuade him if she could.

Flat! wasn't it, after spies and traitors and the Tower of London? No wonder we were cross; we could have killed Maria when, on asking her how she came by all this information, she flounced herself over to Mrs. Kidston's door, and, standing there, vulgar woman, she said nothing, but put her finger to her nose and looked at us like a middle-aged imp.

Strange to think she and Mrs. Kidston could ever have worked in the same house and with the same family, though never, of course, at the same time.

This appears to me the silliest chapter of our life since the war, so good thing it's ended. Silly, maybe, because there isn't a spoken word of Mrs. Kidston's in it to save the situation.

CHAPTER XII.

Certainly our village is a very favored spot. Nothing can happen the world over but what we seem to have a part in it.

Tom Davies, Maria's husband—him as was offered a while back as a sacrifice to the King of kings, in a manner of speaking—has been chosen for better work than what his old father thought of for him, and news of his doings has just come through with the censor's kind permission.

Our gracious sovereign lord, King George the Fifth, has been over to France to see his soldiers, and to hearten up his generals, and to shake the hand of that brave and beautiful friend of his, King Albert of Belgium. A most wonderful and historical visit it was, and will be talked about like the flood or the French Revolution, or things like that, for years to come. There were many eye-witnesses of the scene to tell what happened to the papers; but, as Mrs. Kidston said, "our village don't need to go to the papers when we've got an eye-witness of our own on the spot—a man we don't always think much of here at home, but who seems surprisingly useful out at the war."

He's one of the lucky ones, is Tom Davies. He was chosen to be guard of honor to His Majesty the King when he arrived. There were others too, of course, but we don't know nothing about them, not their names or where they come from, nor nothing. Maybe they are all right, and quite as good as Tom; but they don't come from our village, and what they say can't interest us so much as what Tom says to his old father.

When Tom was told by a sergeant early one morning what a treat was in store for him, he couldn't hardly believe it. He was that gratified and honored. The other men, who envied him with a kind sort of envy, couldn't do enough for him. They ran after him all the time, and they helped give him a sponge down and a clean up, and they brushed his clothes and they sewed on his buttons, and one lent him a handkerchief, quite new, just come out by post. They could not have done more for him, not if he had been the Majesty himself. And Tom was proud, and told old Davies and Maria they could be proud too, which they are, and not to be wondered at either. The King inspected the guard of honor, and then

Tom must have written something the censor did not like, or, maybe, it was giving a secret away, for there was something smudged out of his letter; and after that came Tom's delight and surprise at seeing the Prince of Wales, "all so natural and homey," he said, "being with our own royalties again, and they looking so fine. It was a sport having them out on the battle-field like that. He never had had such a day, and he wouldn't forget it if he was to live to a hundred."

Miss Mary came through the village a few hours later, and Mrs. Kidston told her about Tom's letter. Miss Mary went to old Davies and asked if she might see it, and the old man took it out from the family Bible, where 'twas being pressed firm, and gave it to Miss Mary to read.

When she had read it she gave it back and said, "Thank you." Maria says there were tears in her eyes, and couldn't think what for. That'll show you what kind of a woman is Mrs. Tom. Common clay to the backbone, but she can't help it, and we must make excuses.

Thinking Miss Mary had finished her visit to the Tollhouse, I took my work and went over to sit with Mrs. Kidston; we had just begun to speak of the Primrose Captain, and to wonder when we should hear news of him, when Miss Mary came back from old Davies and told me I needn't go, she couldn't stay long, and I could hear the tears in her voice then, poor young lady. It must seem hard to her that Tom Davies should have all that glory, and be able to write home about it, and her Captain be missing and wounded into the bargain, all this long time, and she never able to hear or to send him a word.

"One of my friends has gone out to the front," Miss Mary said, declining the chair and half sitting and half leaning on the kitchen table, showing

thereby that she was merely a bird of passage for the moment. "Girl friend," she said. "I wish I could go."

"Well, whatever next?" Mrs. Kidston said. "Is she a nurse, Miss Mary?"

"Nurse? No. She's just like me."

"Then what's she gone for? Mischievous, most likely."

"You are quite wrong, Nannie. She's gone to look for her brother who is wounded."

"I never, Miss Mary! Times do change; but battle-fields ain't no place for young ladies now, nor never will be to my thinking."

"If you were ten years younger, Nannie, you would go."

"Me, Miss Mary? You've no call to say such a thing! What should I do on a battle-field, 'cept get in the way and be a proper nuisance to them as has their business there."

"You would go with me! I should take you!"

"No, no, Miss Mary dear. Home's the place for you, and the likes of you, not to mention the likes of me. 'Twould break her ladyship's heart that you should think of such a thing, that it would."

"It seems as if somebody's heart has got to break, anyhow," Miss Mary said sadly, looking out over the tree-tops. "My friend has broken her father's heart; if she hadn't gone she'd have broken her own."

"Now, Miss Mary, it's dreadful to talk like that, wicked it is too. If that young lady has broken a good father's heart she can't expect the Lord's help in finding her brother. That she can't, and you know it, Miss Mary, so well as I do."

"But, I'm wondering, Nannie—is he a good father?"

"Well, if he stays at home because he must, Miss Mary, and prays the Lord to find his son, I don't see that he's a bad father in keeping his young daughter from doing what he can't do

himself. The Lord can save by many or by few, we know that, and He can put his finger on any man, wherever he be, battle-field or no battle-field; the faith that stays at home is just as mighty to work miracles as the faith that goes abroad. Mightier, maybe, because less interfering."

"Nannie, you are old, and I am young; you belong to the time of Wellington and Waterloo, before ever Miss Nightingale had taught you something I expect you were too old to learn even then; and I belong to the twentieth century, I'm only a little bit older than the Boer war, when heaps and heaps of your ladylike people went out to the front, and South Africa is farther than France."

"Oh, go along, Miss Mary! Indian Mutiny is my time, and you know it, so well as I do. Why, 'twas my grandfather fought at Waterloo, and my own father wasn't then born; and I wasn't thought of when Miss Nightingale was upsetting the sober-minded, as I've heard she did, though her motives were good, no doubt, so far as they went."

"There's no pleasing you old folk," Miss Mary said, getting off the table. "So far as she went, indeed! Florence Nightingale found it was 'a long way to Tipperary' in her day, 'a long way to go'; and I want to go farther than she did, in a moral sense, and you are not a bit better pleased."

"Oh, moral, Miss Mary, I've always heard she was! Nothing to say against her on that score. Angel of light, I've always said, and them as went with her too. Different lot altogether from the South African ladies; they were poor trash, some of them, from what I've heard tell. Sorry for the soldiers I've been, many a time, having them carrying round."

Miss Mary walked to the door, followed by Mrs. Kidston. She lingered a moment, and then said, "I'm sorry

you don't see eye to eye with me, Nannie, because together we might do what I find it rather difficult to do alone. Still, you can't help it, we must each gang our ain gait. Bye-bye."

I stood in the background, and Mrs. Kidston went out on to the stones. "Good-bye, Miss Mary, and you mind what I say now. The faith that stays at home is just as mighty as the faith that goes abroad."

Miss Mary turned, smiling. "Mightier, you said, because less interfering! I shan't forget." She waved her stick and went on up the road.

Bless her dear young heart!

CHAPTER XIII

What did it mean? What did Miss Mary mean? I looked at Mrs. Kidston as we settled to our work again, but her face told nothing. The click of our thimbles was the only sound for some few minutes, then Mrs. Kidston ejaculated the word:

"Londoner!"

I agreed with her thought.

"Londoner, you may be sure! 'Twouldn't matter so much in London, where there are so many of them, like starlings in a tree, but 'twould never do in the country, not in a village like this."

Horrified at the mere suggestion, I was speechless.

Mrs. Kidston went on without noticing my verbal silence; when spirit is speaking to spirit, you don't, I fancy.

"It would never do," she said vehemently. "Never do here; it would kill her ladyship, and—besides—"

"Yes, it is besides," I said. "Alice—at-the-house, too, and all the girls in the place. Let us hope it won't happen."

Mrs. Kidston nodded.

"Miss Mary may change her mind."

Mrs. Kidston shook her head. "I know Miss Mary," she said. "better'n you do."

"Or the young lady may fail to find her brother, and show Miss Mary it's no use."

"May," rather doubtfully.

"Or the Primrose Captain may be heard of first."

"I pray the Lord! For if Miss Mary were to go, we should never keep a girl at home again."

"Couldn't! An example like that. 'Twould be the upsetting of everything. But, are you afraid?"

"I know Miss Mary! I've known her since babyhood, and when she's set her mind 'on anything no power can get it off."

"Well, she's set it on the Captain firm, but no firmer than he's set on her. Strange we can't hear nothing of him all this time."

The ring of a bicycle bell made us both look up, and through the open doorway we saw Frank, the footman-from-the-house, the one that couldn't go to the war on account of his chest, riding towards us at full speed. He jumped off in a hurry, and began speaking before he jumped.

"Her ladyship says will you please go up to the house at once. They've had a telegram that wounded are coming."

"Dear sakes!" Mrs. Kidston said, rolling up her work and putting the guard in front of her fire. "When are they expected?"

"I didn't hear for certain, but I think to-night."

Mrs. Kidston tied on her hat under her chin and nodded to me. "The Lord be praised," she said; "this will keep Miss Mary quiet!"

All was bustle and excitement from that very minute; the village was bursting with voluntary helpers, ready to scrub or clean, or perform the most menial offices so long as they could have a recognized position at the house when the wounded came.

Everything was arranged like clock

work. The hospital sisters came down from London, our Red Cross people took up their jobs under them, Mrs. Kidston had charge of the extra linen room, Maria Davies was engaged as a daily scrubber, and the rest of us fell into line as we were wanted, sometimes upstairs and sometimes down.

Everything was ready and waiting the next day, and the next day, and the next day. It was always that the wounded were coming the next day, but they did not come. Sick at heart we were, after all our trouble and care; then Sirenry took the matter in hand, and in two days we had fifteen soldiers, three of them being Belgians.

'Twas lovely, it was, feeling we could do something for them in return for all they had done for us. But work?—never had we worked so hard, nor so willingly, I'll be bound. Nothing was a trouble for high or low. The country folk couldn't do enough in the way of game and fruit and flowers; motor-cars, too, from far and near, were lent her ladyship regularly to use as she thought fit for the men that could go drives, or to fetch and carry for the Doctor or Parson. We were busy, and the house was like a hive, all of us working bees, there wasn't a drone in it, and Miss Mary looking sweet, but pale.

One day a lad was bringing in wood for the hall fire, where some of the convalescents were sitting playing games and reading the paper, and he got talking to a sergeant with a bullet through his leg. Most of our lads could be useful in some way, and Sirenry said any odd jobs they could do they was to do, that they might feel they were giving their country a helping hand during the war. Well, the sergeant got the boy to help him walk a bit, and, being a fine day, he went and sat by the open window in the sun, and there they talked together till 'twas time for a meal.

The sergeant asked the lad what he was going to be when he was grown up, and he said "a soldier," of course. They are all going to be soldiers, this young generation, or sailors, and you can't blame them, I'm sure; so the sergeant he said, "Why?" and the lad said, "Because of Master George."

"Oh; and who is Master George, then?"

"Master George is ours." The sergeant looked puzzled. "He belongs to us, and before he went away he asked us all to fight for the King, same as he was going to, so we shall, you see."

"And where is Master George now?"

"They say he's dead. But we are not going to let him stay dead. Me and the other boys, we are going to keep him alive in this village. Nobody's dead till you give up talking about them, or thinking about them, and we aren't never going to do that. I suppose you never saw him out at the war, did you? He belongs to our regiment, which did fine at that place with a queer French name, a Y and a p and an r——"

"I know," the sergeant nodded, "in English it's Wipers; we were there, too, and I've got a brother in your regiment. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas your Master George he told me about. Same name."

"Same as this? Same as Sirenry's? He lived here! This is his home where you are now. He's the eldest son."

"That's it, a young lieutenant of that name got his men out of a tight corner just when the enemy was coming. They heard someone cry out for help, and he sent his men on while he ran back to see who 'twas. The man wasn't wounded, but had got his leg caught in some wire and couldn't get free; the lieutenant cut it or pulled him out somehow, and then he himself was shot down. The soldier was mad, you can bet; he knew the young officer

had saved his life when he needn't, and then he tried to save the officer; he carried him for a bit, and my brother went to help, but 'twas no good. He was killed in action, right enough. A soldier's death, my lad; and to think he was heir to this!" The sergeant looked round the hall admiringly, her ladyship was coming down the staircase at the moment.

"His mother!" he said in a whisper. The boy nodded.

The sergeant made a sort of hissing sound between his teeth, and stood up on his one whole leg. Then he swore below his breath. "To hell with the

German Emperor, and, Good Lord—damn him deep!"

Our lad heard, and thrilled through all his being. Within half an hour the story was known even to us in the back premises—leastways, it was confirmed. I believe we had always known this was how Master George would meet death.

The sergeant was in Sirenry's own study, talking. Her ladyship was there, too, listening, a beautiful light on her dear, lovely face.

Mrs. Kidston thinks the glory round Master George was just touching her then.

(To be continued.)

THE MONARCHICAL MOVEMENT IN CHINA.

Recently a good deal of matter has appeared in the Press with regard to the existence of a movement in China which has for its object the restoration of the monarchical *régime*. The newspapers of Peking have also taken up with assiduity the discussion as to the respective merits of monarchical and republican forms of government; and this has undoubtedly been the basis of the kind of news which the foreign correspondents have telegraphed to their respective newspapers in this country. It is therefore well to bear in mind that, since the Peking press confines its activities to mere talk and suggests no definite action, it is exceedingly difficult to form any exact idea, from the data furnished us by the London dailies, of the true nature of the movement. In other words, what we have of late been given to understand is mere rumor and nothing else.

Nevertheless, it is not idle to speculate on the probability of a reversion to that form of government to which the Chinese people have been accustomed for centuries. From a political

standpoint there are two great parties in China to-day. There is the Conservative party, which counts as its adherents the older and altogether saner officials who have been in the service of the Manchu dynasty. They are men of ripe experience and great weight. They are of the Li Hung Chang type, and though the name of Conservative is given to them here they are Conservative only in the sense that they advocated a constitutional monarchy, and were quite contented with the retention of the infant Emperor as the head of the State. To this party, for instance, belong the present Secretary of State, and even the President. Then there is the Republican clique—it really now is a clique—consisting of the younger, perhaps less sober reformers, who will advocate re-republicanism straight off without qualification, and whose cry even in so conservative a country as China is "Liberté, égalité, fraternité." Time has, of course, shown that they are wrong, and that their conception of government is too Utopian to be work-

able. The foreign correspondent generally discounts this class, and is of the opinion that the regeneration of China will depend on the ability of the "elder" statesmen. Perhaps they are right, for these latter have after all more substantial qualifications. They are men who were impressed by and took seriously to heart the lesson of the *coup d'état* of 1898. However, we must not depreciate the value of the younger politicians. They must have of necessity more "push" and "go." In temperament they are more excitable by reason of their age; but this, be it borne in mind, can be corrected. The country is grateful to them for one great achievement. They are the men who engineered the Revolution of 1911, and brought about the fall of a dynasty. Taking their merits into account, one can perhaps pardon their errors. The division into these two great parties is essential to the study of the significance of the monarchical movement. The rural peasant is left out because, although he is the true "Celestial," and counts most in the government of any country, by reason of his ignorance and indifference he is contented to be the subject of that sovereign who, whether he be the "Son of Heaven" or President, offers on his behalf annual sacrifices at the Temple of Heaven. In fact, he is so contented that one can quite conveniently leave him out of account.

Having now outlined the parties, we can proceed to examine the nature of this great movement. We have only been given to understand that this movement exists, that it has for its object the restoration of a monarchy. But if one asks, "Who are the aspirants of this monarchy?" it will be clear that the adherents of the movement are divided into two classes. There are those who are secretly working for the defunct dynasty, and their energies are in the direction of the Man-

chu reinstatement. This class, it must be confessed, is very small, almost negligible. But its existence is as real as daylight. And is it worth insisting on? Certainly, if we are to learn from history at all, it does not require great penetration to perceive that time will swell its importance and increase its adherents. After a revolution there is bound to be a reaction. After the revolution in this country—after 1688—there were countless plots in favor of King James II.; and the usurping dynasty had to cope with two rebellions—in 1715 and in 1745—before it could rest on anything like a solid basis. For a long time Englishmen loathed William and his successors, and the folly of the exiled King was really to blame for the failure of the uprisings. In France, after the fall of Louis Napoleon III., the Republic was a very shaky structure—much more shaky than the Chinese Republic—due to the attempts to restore the Bourbons. The growth of the Manchu movement in China must therefore be viewed with alarm; and though its initial stage is insignificant, it will, if unchecked, assume gigantic proportions. Newspaper articles have not hinted at this movement. They are all concerned with another one, that which has for its goal the placing of President Yuan Shi Kai on the throne. If this succeeds it will have a tremendous significance, and will be a step unprecedented in the history of China—in fact, in the history of the world. Will it then augur a happier period for China, or will it augur ruin? Somewhere in the fables of great antiquity it is predicted that the assumption by a farmer of the Imperial purple will be the dawn of the golden age. Now Yuan is a farmer, if not by calling, at least by taste. Will his assumption of the Imperial robe usher in the golden age? Decidedly not. The golden age will not come in his life-

time, that is certain. It is unwise to attach any great importance to such fabular nonsense. It is probably on a par with the story which has a similar origin of Dr. Sun Yat Sen and the tree, which refers to his proclamation as President at Nanking. It is well to discard this as nonsense, but the Chinese attach considerable importance to such prognostications. To return to the subject—Yuan Shi Kai has over and over again denied that he has any aspirations to the Imperial purple. During the critical time of 1912 his enemies spread a rumor that he was aiming at the throne. To meet this he issued a manifesto which, after referring to his admiration for the republican systems of France and America, and to the general request that he should assume the Presidential office, continues:—

"On the day on which the Republic was proclaimed I announced to the whole nation that never again shall a monarchy be permitted in China. At my inauguration I again took this solemn oath in the sight of heaven above and earth beneath. Yet of late ignorant persons in the provinces have fabricated wild rumors to delude men's minds, and have adduced the career of the first Napoleon on which to base their erroneous calculations. It were best not to inquire into their motives. In some cases misconception may be the excuse; in others deliberate malice. . . . My thoughts are manifest in the sight of high heaven. But at this season of construction and dire crisis how shall these mutual suspicions find a place? Once more I issue this announcement: if you, my fellow-countrymen, do indeed place the safety of China before all other considerations, it behoves you to be large minded. Beware of lightly heeding the plausible voice of calumny, and of thus furnishing a medium for fostering monarchy. If evilly-disposed persons, who are bent on destruction, seize the excuse for sowing dissension to the jeopardy of the situation, I, Yuan Shi

Kai, shall follow the behest of my fellow-countrymen in placing such men beyond the pale of humanity. A vital issue is involved. It is my duty to lay before you my inmost thought so that suspicion may be dissipated. 'Those who know have the right to impose their censure.' It is for public opinion to judge. Such is my announcement, and I ask you to take due note."

And again, lately, when he was asked what he would do if he were forced to don the Imperial Robe, he replied that if such were the case he would be compelled to live as an exile and spend the rest of his life under the protection of a foreign Government.

But putting his denials aside, is it possible that he will one day be the Emperor of China? On the one hand it seems quite possible. Yuan deserves well of his countrymen. For four years he has been steadily guiding the ship of State in spite of storms and quicksands. Up to the time of the Japanese demands he has successfully warded off foreign intervention. He has reorganized the country on sound and solid lines. In one word, he has been the saviour of the new Republic. Yuan is, therefore, the man for the throne. No doubt he is not popular with the Young China Party; and millions are ready to cite his past official career as one of mean opportunism and unscrupulousness. But what of that? The Young China Party has been effectually silenced. It is almost a thing of the past, and soon its existence will be as dim as a shadow. If he has ridden roughshod over the people's claims and liberties, he is quite ready to do it again—and more effectively, for besides having power he has now backing in addition. Circumstances, therefore, favor his ascending the throne. Besides, he is now as despotic as—if not more so than—any of the Sons of Heaven before him. If it ever enters his mind to become one himself, it will be

only a change of outward appearance.

But in spite of his power, his command over men, his backing, and his magnetic personality—which at once inspires fear and trust—it is difficult to believe that Yuan Shi Kai the President will one day be Yuan Shi Kai the Emperor. So far as one can judge by the trend of events, this phase of the monarchical movement will not be allowed to have any dangerous significance. After all, Yuan is as much of a patriot as any other man in China. He is too astute a statesman not to realize the disastrous consequences that a fundamental change of government must necessarily involve, especially at this critical period of the Republic's existence. He is aware that the consequences are such as are likely to overwhelm the infant republic which he is fostering with the tenderest care. If a change is necessary at all, it ought not to make its appearance for at least another decade. If it did it would undo the results the Revolution has brought into being; it would turn the country for the second time into a vast sink of chaos and confusion. The game is a dangerous one, and is really not worth the candle.

How, then, does all this nonsense of a proposed restoration of a monarchy come about? In the columns of the *Pall Mall*, Sir Francis Piggott points out that its origin may perhaps be traced to the wiles and machinations which the Germans are setting for the Government of Peking. This is quite within the limits of possibility, and ought not altogether to be ignored. The Germans are up to everything. They have just been ousted from Kiauchow; and there is nothing they will not attempt to regain their place in the sun. But, apart from this, there are other more potent reasons. In China, as everywhere else, hero-worship is prevalent. Yuan is the hero of the hour, and has his worshippers.

There are enthusiasts who will proclaim him Emperor as readily and loudly as they proclaimed Sun Yat Sen the first President. Busybodies are the same everywhere. And, according to the newspapers, they have been in real earnest. Recently we heard of the establishment of a newspaper in Shanghai with the avowed object of advocating a return to the monarchical system of government; and of the penalty which the ringleaders had to pay for their audacity. This is only one case. Several newspapers have been warned and some suppressed, for disseminating news that is calculated to sow excitement in the mind of the public. In Peking a few weeks ago Professor Goodnow, who is just now engaged in drafting a permanent constitution for the Republic, declared that he considered the Republican form of Government unsuitable for China because he was of the opinion that after the death of Yuan Shi Kai serious troubles would ensue. Now a new society called the *Chou an hui*¹ has been formed, which, under his patronage, is engaged in a violent propagandist campaign for the restoration of the monarchical system. The whole thing is being fought out on the most constitutional lines.

The result of this silly monarchical movement, if allowed to continue unchecked, will in the end be to create serious disorders and make the position of Yuan Shi Kai an extremely delicate one. The future permanent constitution of the Republic of China is now in the hands of the draughtsmen, and will before long give the lie to all base insinuations. In China the form of Government matters very little. A monarchy is more picturesque, but a republic is not unsuitable. The Government of a country must necessarily depend upon the amount of capacity which its citizens can com-

¹ Literally, association for the planning of order and peace.

mand for the sufficient discharge of their responsibilities. Where the capacity is great, you have truly representative government—a government of the people and by the people—as in this democracy. Where it is small there must necessarily be despotism. Such despotism exists in China. With the advance of education it will disappear; but for the present it is necessary for the preservation of the coun-

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try. The power of the Central Government ought, therefore, to be absolute. Whatever the form of government in China may be—whether monarchical or republican—it must have this absolutism. The Republic must at least keep up that semblance of power which belonged to the “Son of Heaven.” In other words, if you must have a republic you must have, so to say, a despotic republic.

K. C. Lim.

A DEAD CITY OF ENGLAND.

Winchester, Winchelsea, Romney, Chester, Silchester, St. Albans—one may speak of them as dead cities if, at the same time, one is not surprised to find living in them a spirit more intense than dwells in any modern corporation or centre of industry.

Such old towns, whose worldly glory has left them, are steeped in the purest flavor of England. They are the most English of all. Whatever has been beautiful or noble in the history of England lingers in them. All the country's tragedy and all her glory are there. If on the engulfment of the country in the commercialism of the nineteenth century they were left standing high and dry, with all their lusty life and their pomp sucked away into the vortex of the new era, they uprose to English skies like sanctuaries, to which all that was spiritual and ideal in the national life had run in eager streams. Such towns, such cities, are not only tombs of our sacred past. They are the true repositories of our culture, our intelligence, and our heroism. It is in their precincts that a man may learn what England is, for these forgotten cities, deserted by commerce and authority, console themselves in their loneliness with our most precious memories.

We may say they are dead. No

longer does the King hold his Court in Winchester, the oldest and the most to be revered of English cities. Parliament has forgotten that once it was gathered near Itchen's banks before it assembled by the Thames. Who is there to remember the lost town of Winchelsea, lying among the silt of the Channel, with the bitter waves beating over its housetops and spires and tangled Saxon streets? And Old Sarum and Silchester, in the Wessex plains, and St. Albans that was called Verulam, and Deva in the North that marked the limits of the earliest civilization Great Britain knew? The outer heat and the brutality of existence have vaporated from these places, leaving them only their intense inner life, their passionate spirituality. They are small and fragile, these old cities, like cameos wherein a wealth of thought and feeling is crystallized. They are the flowers of our living patriotism—delicate, beautiful, alight with a spiritual fervor that emanates from their very soil, enriched by so much English blood.

To see a battalion of our new army marching through the old Westgate at Winchester down the hill that leads to the statue of King Alfred, is one of the dramatic possibilities of which such old cities alone have the secret.

It is their right, as it is the right of kings and queens, to do striking and vivid acts. For this right, this secret quality, these old cities have paid in the past, they and their burgesses and their bishops, their men and their masters, their warriors and their girls.

Winchester has this undying grace, this subtle mystery of charm, which woos the senses with a silence like to that of her own Cathedral Close.

It is here, one might say, in this garden without flowers, in this precinct of lawn sheltered by creeper-clad walls, that the secret of England's genius lies hid. What is that secret? Has it ever been analyzed? Does any one know what it is? It is something gentle, to be sure, with the gentleness of confident strength, something tolerant and clear in which all things dissolve, something wonderfully large and beneficent. One has attempted sometimes to arrest it in some combination of Christianity with all the unextinguished paganism of the world, some subtle application of dominant religions and philosophies to the purposes of everyday existence, some magical elixir of living compounded out of all the faith and all the doubt of the Christian era, all its heritage and all its increment.

Does not the genius of the English race lie in the fact that it adapts itself more closely than any other nation to the spirit of the time? It does not sigh after lost beauty, the beauty of the Renaissance and of Hellenism, as do the Latin States, whose regrets even, vain as they may be, have a loveliness that is classical still. It turns its face grimly to the call of the moment, whether it be that of science or of faith. It does not misinterpret the humors of the world.

Winchester seems indeed a city that can have little relation or sympathy with modern England burning with the dry flame of science, all throbbing with

its millions of machines and smoking with its countless factories—the England that has flung herself with such a self-sacrificing passion into the needs of the century that she has not drunk deep of its terrible inspiration without suffering and hurt.

Winchester has something of the old beauty; that beauty which the short-sighted fancy old, because a mere hundred years of science is interposed between it and the life of to-day. Winchester has this gracious charm of beauty. It is quiet and calm. It reveals itself unconsciously, like a beautiful woman in whom the pride of ancestry has resolved itself to a sweet tranquillity.

We should do it honor, for it is a queen among our cities, and it is full of high and sovereign thoughts. It would be no bad thing if thousands of English pilgrims made a journey to it in an act of pure and spontaneous patriotism, for nowhere may men and women drink so freshly of the spirit of our land—nowhere else in the whole country, perhaps, learn so well what England means.

Therefore one may attempt to capture with the pen something of this fine spirit which sustains the city lying in the Hampshire hills. One may seek to create an image of this royal town. It is difficult, for not easily does Winchester, more than anything else that is truly English, yield up to the inquirer her secret. Winchester is reserved, silent. Her cathedral, with its stubborn Norman tower and Gothic arches, is no architectural flame, no splendor of stone and imagery rising triumphantly from the soil, as do the great Gothic churches of France. It is signally unobtrusive, solid, yet dignified in its solidity. It seems to make no effort to perpetuate itself among the clouds with tingling pinnacles and up-leaping spires. It lies almost cloistered among the flat green-

ery of the close, neither humble nor aspiring, neither glorious nor modest. Most characteristic, I think, is its squat, square tower. It is from there, if from anywhere, that the suggestive whisper comes to the reverent pilgrim: "Here beneath this stern, resisting monument is the secret of England, the old England that is so shy of self-revelation, so hard to brow-beat, and so hard to woo."

And yet, with all its modesty, its life-likeness, Winchester Cathedral is a glory and a temptation. For all its freedom from bombast and arrogance it is a revelation, an apotheosis. It is the flowing into carven stone of the spirit of a proud race, such as an alien king might flaunt with covetous glances. It is, in all its ease and quietude, lyricism, something of beauty born of years of passion and travail and shaped inevitably in days of peace.

Who was William the Conqueror, over whose bones the dry histories quarrel, whose acts and hours they ticket with empty dates? No dry figment of the past, indeed, but a very splendid king, hot from the warm, rich lands of Normandy, full of greed and dreams of conquest—a man vivid, resourceful, passionate, and daring.

It was at Winchester they set the golden crown of England on his brows and upon Matilda's a delicate duplicate. It was a different cathedral then from what it is now, but it was here, only a little space from the avenue of immemorial limes, that he was consecrated amid the reluctant plaudits of a conquered people. William was a man with a strong dramatic impulse, as all kings should be if they would be truly kingly. We do not realize now the force and vigor of his edicts. Curfew, as we now hear it tolled to us in some such old place as Winchester, seems only like a sentimental echo of the past, a sound of peace at even-

tide, something that calls a blessing on the parting day. All the sternness and cruelty with which its tones once resounded have vanished. It seems to us like a sweet sigh of the evening, instead of the menacing order of a conqueror to a conquered people, whom for his own safety he would have indoors by a certain hour, whose lights and fires must be extinguished while his soldiers guarded their new-won territory in the dangerous night.

The Domesday Book, too, was no prototype of our modern census, contrived out of our own free will and sociology. It had a penal and a minatory flavor. The Conqueror wished to make sure of his conquest. He desired a roll of his subjects, and he sought to bind them to him and his rule with strong, unsentimental bands.

But Winchester was already an old city when the Conqueror came to it. The Saxon civilization lasted nearly a thousand years. When we reflect that the divine bequest of Greece to the world was won from time in a less number of years than this, we cannot but think more highly of the Saxon civilization and the share that England had in it. Malleable and tractile, in spite of its inherent spiritual obstinacy, it formed the rough clay into which were worked all the more brilliant elements of our national being. The passion and subtlety of the Celt, the fire of the Dane, the adventurousness of the Norman, were moulded into this ductile material, which absorbed them all while seeming to resist their approach. There is little doubt that the Saxon is the strongest and most English element in us still. It is from this strong but quiet strain of blood that the national characteristics of absorbency and resistance come. From time to time men or ideas break out inflammably or militantly among us, or alien influences are wafted to our shores. What hap-

pens we all know: the stubborn Saxon clay, defeated in spirit neither at Senlac nor by the cruel edicts of the Conqueror, resists as it has always resisted, obstinate, life-like, silent. The impulsive element, whether it arise from a national or foreign source, is combated with a denial which seems half obstinacy, half hypocrisy, and before we have had time to realize the change it has become absorbed in the intense Saxon life of the nation.

He who visits Winchester may feel and see all these things, may touch them even in the patient, consecrated stones of the cathedral, where in the shadows of twilight he may stand and think of the dust of king and thegn locked in the tombs of these aisles. Shut in their vaults, far from the sunlight that once rippled over their living bodies, these warriors and makers of our days sleep fast; but the ashes of humanity contain a restless fire that creeps through vault and marble and encompassing earth into the air. It aspires to the sunlight which it cannot reach, but in the minds of poets and scholars and lovers of their country some intangible essence of it can rejoice in a spiritual radiance. There it is warmed and potent again, and not only there, but in the rhythmic tramp of armies beating over the roads and fields, and in the music of bugle-calls, and in the eager beating of the engines of troopships choked with soldiers and straining for the gray-silver sea. One despairs to illumine with words an image of this royal city. The soil of it, the streets, the houses, the churches, the towers, and the hills are loaded with memories. Layer upon layer they lie like auriferous strata, melting, too, one into the other with all the irregularity of a natural phenomenon. And all these deposits are so rich in the ashes and splendor of kings, in the mystery and pain of martyrs, in the terror and

the triumph of warriors, that the mind is aghast at the volume and intensity of it all. Spin it out in a history or in a hundred histories, as men have done and will do, but the essence of it will escape you. The woof of the tale may here and there be rich with crimson and gold, but there will be barren patches and clusters of meaningless dates. Nor can a poet drain enough of its wealth to vitalize his words, but that a multitude of its meanings and purposes must go unrepresented in his song.

Winchester, indeed, is not merely a city for the artist, the antiquary, or the connoisseur. The common man will find, too, a sanctuary and an image of his life there. So, too, may the soldier and the cleric, the nun, the scholar, and the merchant. One may fancy, indeed, in hearing the chant of the choir in the cathedral, that it is the voice of England itself speaking in solemn mood, for how little different must that burden of religious song have sounded as it swelled and echoed beneath the carved arches of the nave when Alfred came to service on this site or William and Matilda were crowned here on Whitsunday 1068!

Of all the beautiful memories which sanctify the stones and the air of Winchester, none is so pure and spiritual, so far away yet so vivid, as the elusive tradition of Arthur and the lost city of Camelot.

Camelot is Winchester, says one school of research. Camelot never existed at all, save as a myth, maintains another group of scholars. It was the gracious and romantic genius of Sir Thomas Malory that peopled this corner of our island with beautiful ghosts, with dream cities, and fabled countries like Avalon and Lyonesse. The *Morte d'Arthur* is indeed the *Iliad* of our race, our book of heroes and of glorious days, our legend of passion and of wars, vivid yet remote as an

ancient tapestry. It is true that it is in a way a false *Iliad*, an artificial epic, written in the sophistication of an age too far removed from the gestes and amours that are its burden. Several centuries of Saxon literature were interposed between this Norman romance of chivalry and the far-offtime when Celtic kings and a Celtic culture reigned in the Western bournes of our island.

But, late in coming as the *Morte d'Arthur* was, with its litany of musical names, and composed in the inspiration of the Græco-Latin Renaissance, which took no more heed of England than of Italy or France, Malory's book remains our national epic, the charter of our poetry and romance. It may well be asked if we have ever sufficiently appreciated and drawn upon it, as from a sacred well in which our modern souls may renew their idealism, at which our science-parched epoch may quench its thirst. For nations which would fulfil themselves manfully at the courts, in the markets, and in the choirs of the world, must be for ever renewing their youth. There must lie behind them, if their dreams are not always to be sterile for the lack of fertilizing memories, an epoch in their life that is nebular but rich, indefinite of material facts, but glowing with suggestion and beauty. This is their heroic age, and new lands such as America, which are too young to possess this priceless wealth, must seek it beyond their waters or in the history of their parent stock.

Here lies the tradition of beauty, of reverence, of sublimated humanity. Here all is spiritual and symbolic; the loveliness of a thousand women shining in one heroine's eyes, the valor of hosts of gallant men gleaming along the sword of one knight. Thus *Excalibur* reveals the old martial England when it was still virgin from the

tramping of Claudian's legions, and in Lancelot, Elaine, Guinevere, Trystram, and La Belle Isoud the love and sacrifice of our own time knows its core.

Tennyson, whatever we may think of the result of his work, fortified the tradition of his century by going back to this magical source. Celtic in origin, but now and for long indubitably English, the Arthurian legends are our national saga. With their strange mixture of Norman and Celtic ideas they stand for all that is knightly, courtly, and romantic in our nature. Strange as they may be to the coarser Saxon blood of our race, they are so immutably English that even the most purely Saxon element of the nation cannot but be proud of them. For they belong to the twilight of our history, to those remote days when Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Normans, and Danes were all equally strangers in the land, dreaming only as then of conquest on the fringes of their adventurous shores. There are no definite facts of scholarship that associate Camelot with Winchester, or even the great son of Uther Pendragon himself with the city. By some savants, indeed, it is thought that Cadbury Castle, in Somerset, represents the site of "many-towered Camelot." Equally vague, too, are the sites of Avalon, the island of apples, and of shadowy Lyonesse, and all the other enchanting place-names of the great romance. Yet none the less truly must belief in their existence persist. We cannot allow that these old heroes of Britain went shelterless among the marshes of the Celtic West. Camelot, maybe, is as fabulous as Troy, but it is equally real.

In Winchester the memories of this old and semi-mythical England are buried as deep as the neolithic remains in the smooth sides of her encompassing hills. Of Roman memories, even, there rests little in the city, be-

yond the name, to keep alive the memories of the men who came up the river from Southampton and founded here a fortress that perhaps was known as Venta Belgarum. Yet on the site of the cathedral the luminous rites of Roman paganism were practised long before Arthur and his knights came riding out of the West; and Apollo and Mars were worshipped here before the first words of the religion of love fell on to the fertile soil of our island.

They say that in the crypt of Winchester Cathedral there is a well of Roman origin that marks a spot where once the smiling deities were worshipped with incense and sacrifice of kids. And beneath the soil of many old houses in the town, coins and fragments of ware have been found.

But of Arthur himself the only relic is the Round Table of medieval manufacture that hangs in the Great Hall. Whether King Arthur be a myth or not, this lack of physical remains is what we might expect of the Celtic culture, which was as illusive then as it has often proved itself. "Good soldiers but bad citizens," wrote Mommsen of the Celts. "They have shaken all states but founded none," a saying that is disputable enough. For is it nothing to have lived the life from which the epic of an Imperial race like the English has drawn its inspiration, and to have renovated the idealism of Europe in the lyricism of Wagner's *Lohengrin* and the mysticism of his *Parseval*? The heritage of our Celtic ancestors to us is largely a spiritual one. Only a score of words and some barrows, a custom here and there, and a tradition or two, can be counted among their material remains. But if the first romance in our language is peopled with their heroes and radiant with their especial beauty, who shall say that they have not worked a noble element into our blood?

Winchester is chiefly Saxon, and all traces of the older, more fiery people have centuries ago been absorbed in the accommodating Saxon strain. It is Alfred rather than Arthur that Winchester suggests, who, if he quickened our soil with no legend of romance, yet planned here much of her material greatness.

But we cannot leave that huge, circular board inscribed with the names of the Arthurian knights except with a tremor of regret. It is like some old altar of our chivalry whereat we have forgotten to worship. It links in mystical fashion, as did indeed the whole intense epoch of the Renaissance, the old England with the new. Made not far from the time when Malory's book first appeared, it is, like that work, a symbol, the coming to luminance again of a great memory, a celebration of a splendid ritual of the past.

Round tables were common, says Athenæus, among the Gaulish chieftains, who were thus able to feast together without quarrels over questions of precedence.

The Round Table at Winchester is about fifty-six and a half feet in circumference, and twenty-five people could dine at it in comfort. Thus Arthur and the twenty-four knights who were his companions were imaginatively entertained by the designer of the Middle Ages. The account of these knights is curious and interesting. There were, we learn, three golden-tongued knights, so fairly spoken that none could resist them; three chaste knights; three knights of battle; three just knights; three knights of repugnance—that is to say, one fair knight, one ugly knight, and one very big and strong and cruel; three knights of illusion; three royal knights, and three knights whose characteristics were that they would put to death without fear whomsoever had committed wrong. Thus was the tally of

Arthur's knights made up. But one cannot leave them without lingering for a moment over the music of their names. Lancelot deu Lake, Lyonell, Trystram de Lyens, Bors de Ganys, Ector de Maris, and Galahalt—such names as these are not the idle fancies of a mere romancer. Full of flourish as they are, they have something of the dignity and truth of such eternal hero names as Achilles, Æneas, Hector, and Agamemnon. They are eponyms, symbol-names, enclosing in their accents, like a subtle music, the dreams, the vanity, and the chivalry of a people.

Whether or not such men ever lived is only incidentally important. Heroes have a certain divine quality, and we may say of them, as some one said of

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God, that even if they had not existed we should have had to invent them.

One may look in vain in Winchester to-day for any relic, save this medieval table, of the heroic age of our country. It has all been absorbed long ago in the Saxon era, the impress of which Winchester most definitely shows. All its beauty and its passion have vanished. Its knights and its ladies have not even left us their bones over which to mourn. Like ghosts they have all passed to shadowy Lyonesse, and in blue Cornwall or among the flowers of Scilly, we may think of them as haunting the Celtic nights. But their names and their memories flow in the blood like a rare wine.

Edward Storer.

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE CHANCELLOR.

CHAPTER II.

Events moved encouragingly for the inspector. The Chelcott chief constable approached him gloweringly. An elderly clergyman with a newspaper followed him.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the captain, "I venture to prophesy that you are no wiser than the rest of us. What did she tell you?"

"Very little! very little!" answered the inspector.

"Ex-actly! All the same, what I want to know"—A touch on his arm made him swing round impatiently to the clergyman.—"Yes, yes, Mr. Duckworth. This is Mr. Clapton, the gentleman they have sent us from the headquarters of genius.—Mr. Duckworth is the Vicar of Cloundbury, Clapton."

"Your servant, sir," said the inspector, bowing.

The vicar would have spoken, but Captain Rampney cut in: "No use my wasting time up there, Clapton, after

what you tell me. I thought I'd wait and see you, and then—— But who was that in the car just now? I see it's coming back."

The inspector looked, nodded, and enlightened the captain about Mr. Lampson, but not about the special purpose of the solicitor's visit.

"What I was going to say, sir," then said the vicar tremulously to the inspector, "is that I cannot believe any resident in my parish would lay the hand of violence"——

Captain Rampney checked him with an indulgent, even patronizing, touch upon the shoulder. "Don't distress yourself, Mr. Duckworth," he said. "We shall see what we shall see, all in good time."

"Naturally we shall do that," resumed the vicar; "but as I was remarking to Mr. Beamstock—ah! I see he has gone in—I was saying, Mr. Clapton, that it was a singular coincidence that the text of the sermon which my curate preached on the Sun-

day morning, when, for anything we knew to the contrary"—

"Don't see where the singularity, or the coincidence, comes in," interposed the captain rather rudely.

"What was it, sir—this text?" asked the inspector, his thoughts elsewhere.

"Judge not," Mr. Clapton, "that ye be not judged," replied the vicar, with a grave emphasis that deserved (and from the inspector obtained) more respectful acknowledgment than the laugh which burst from the captain.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged!" echoed the inspector softly. "Mr. Leven preached it, I think you said, sir?"

"My good man," boomed the captain, "what's there in that? Every sermon must have a text, and presumably every Sunday its sermon—more's the pity sometimes. What the— Here, I'd better be into my dogcart and off."

But Mr. Lampson, the solicitor, was now on the scene. The Chelcott car which had brought him to the Hall pulled up a few yards from the group, and he alighted.

"Captain Rampney, I believe?" he said, with accurate aim, and the two drew aside.

Given a couple of minutes, the inspector would have questioned the vicar diplomatically about the curate's sermon on that appropriate text; but the opportunity was not afforded him. The vicar himself began a sort of eighteenth-century-tombstone eulogium of the Chancellor—verbose and charitable—and the inspector let him go on with it. His attention drifted to the solicitor and the chief constable. Captain Rampney had snorted "*What!*" as to something preposterous, and the London solicitor had replied, "It is her desire, and we must conform to it, Captain Rampney. She inherited a great deal of money from her mother, and has entire control of it. I agree that the sum is impru-

dently large, but I am to request you to see to it at once."

"Putting a premium on that kind of crime, unless she has an idea whose pocket it is likely to fall into!—that's what I call it," said the chief constable next; and then, "Oh, very well, Mr. Lampson. I'm talking at random, of course. I'll have the bills printed." This said, he turned to the inspector, who was ready for him.

"You're in luck, Clapton, or may be," he announced, irately ironic. "I am instructed to offer a reward of ten thousand pounds—ten thousand pounds, sir—for information that may lead, &c.—alive, not dead. Lady Geraldine Gurford declines to entertain the supposition that his lordship's life has been endangered. I've nothing more to say. Go ahead and make your fortune in a day, if you can, Clapton.—Good-morning, gentlemen.—I'll be in Chelcott almost as soon as yourself, Mr. Lampson."

He pranced toward the inn stables—really pranced. The London solicitor returned to his car, which whisked him away. A little nettled by the London solicitor's almost pointed disregard of him, Inspector Clapton abruptly left the vicar. "This is a new departure, sir," he said, "and I have my hands full."

Two young men with note-book eyes, whose motor-cycles were outside the inn, now shot from the house. The inspector had seen them at the window, and was prepared for them. "Go away! go away! You'll get not one syllable from me; so give it up, boys," he urged with generous self-restraint.

They clung to him nevertheless for many yards, coaxing, pleading public benefit, his and their own. Then his obstinacy beat them. The one ran back toward Captain Rampney and his dogcart; the other pursued the vicar down a side-road.

Thus relieved of them, almost me-

chanically the inspector drew from his pocket a sketch-plan of the village, the grudging gift of Captain Rampney. Nine-tenths of his mentality was engaged with the Lady Geraldine and her lover, the curate; the other tenth reminded him of the paper. It was a neat piece of draughtsmanship; but, upon his soul, he could have crowed, if crowing as an expression of triumph had been one of his gifts! Pure professional triumph, with not a pound-piece of other profit attached to it, now. It seemed to him that the Lady Geraldine and the young clergyman between them had given him every key in the bunch, now. This ten-thousand-pound move for the recovery of the living Chancellor, not his dead body, was surely the master-key of the lot. The Chelcott chief constable and the London solicitor might think what they could about it. He understood. She might as well have offered a million while she was about it. Of all young ladies!

The chief constable passed him at fifteen miles per hour. "See you later, Clapton," he shouted.

Just in front a droll figure of a young man in the garments of a boy was whipping a top in the middle of the road. He cleared out of the way of the dogcart in the very moment of fate. The captain swore at him. The oddity mouthed lumpishly after the vehicle, mouthed next at the inspector, then retrieved his top, and was muttering over it, with his back to the ivy-covered ruins of an old pigsty apertenance of the adjacent cottage, when the inspector reached him.

"Well?" said the inspector, as to a canary or a parrot. He believed he knew all there was to know about the cottage and its tenants, but there were always chances.

"Eh?" responded Pegtop Sammy blankly.

"Not quite all there, are you,

sonny? But never mind. That's no fault of yours. See here."

"Eh?" said Pegtop Sammy as before, but suspiciously this time.

"What I want you to do, sonny," continued the inspector, exhibiting a shilling, "is to try to remember last Saturday—Saturday evening. Four days ago." He used the coin as a counter on his fingers. "One, two, three, four."

It was time thrown away, of course. This brawny youth with the bared hairy chest might have posed to an artist as a model of his unfortunate kind—vacant, watery-eyed stare (a trifle querulous), loose lower lip, large-fingered dangling hands (whip in the one, top in the other), the big toe sticking out of his left boot, slack-jointed, and the rest of it. But he couldn't stand cross-examination. Wouldn't, anyway. At "three—four" he snatched the shilling, bolted round, and nimbly scrambled over a broken part of the wall. On the other side was a wilderness of nettles and overgrown outbuildings. Waist-deep in its weeds, he soon waded out of sight.

Those two "Ehs?" made up the total of his information.

"Artful young kipper!" chuckled the inspector, with a friendly smile for the lad's back that did him credit. Then he advanced to the cottage and the village idiot's mother, who was ironing, and proved as futile a subject as her son. He had to shout at her, and all she could tell him in return was that she didn't get back home on the Saturday until nigher eight than half-past seven, thankful that nothing had befallen her Sammy in the meantime, seeing what a peck of troubles had since come to the great folks at the Hall.

"'E *will* play about in the 'orseyway, sir; nothin' 'll stop 'im. It's no use talkin' to 'im, the poor dear; an' some day"—

"There'll be a funeral in the family," said the inspector, a trifle grimly. "Quite so! quite so! Good-day to you," he shouted in conclusion.

This over, he braced himself for his hope of the morning, perchance even its realization ere he returned to the inn.

The Chancellor's park on the opposite side of the road was shut in by a high wall; but a walk of half a mile brought him to a fine old hammered-iron gate with a side-wicket, through which he promptly clanked. A moment later he returned and peered up and down the road. No one was visible. There was evidently not much general highway traffic between Chelcote and Cloudbury. So he had been given to understand.

Then, with his hand on the wicket, he viewed the footpath, which meandered through the well-nibbled grass in and out among trees and sheep, toward the hidden Hall. Nothing in this.

But to the right of him, in front, was something—something desirable. It was just what he would have asked for in that vicinity, and for the next three harassing hours he was lost to the world in the tangled coppice which climbed from the road-level some fifty yards only beyond the gate.

There were many acres of it. It was disgustingly primeval in its undergrowth upholstery of brambles, tall russeting bracken, rabbit-holes, and black mud in the hollows with accommodation for the successful concealment of a dozen dead bodies.

Before and while he groped and poked, the inspector had the tragedy well reconstructed in his mind.

They had met by the gate, these two—the curate after his slow passion-nursing walk through the park, and the Chancellor coming angrily by the road. Inevitably a further scene had followed, and then the end. Quite pos-

sibly an apoplexy had helped the great man to his fate. He was built for such a mischance. Probably, however, there was a previous blow, or blows, and afterwards the curate became like most men when confronted with the stern consequence of an unpardonable misdeed. The common law of self-preservation would scream itself at him, and he would at once drag the body through the gate. A few or more minutes, and in the supernatural strength of a panic terror he might transport it to a secret part of the wood.

The inspector sweated himself rank at his task, but it was only when he had had his fill of it for one day that he hit upon the very spot of his, and the curate's, requirements.

A funnel-shaped sink of black water and mud, four or five yards in diameter, hemmed in by brambles, almost utterly screened from the sun, and so near the parkland that it was an irritating marvel that he had missed it at the outset of his hunt!

Midshin-deep in its rotten margin, he probed it, without result, with a sapling. Its depth and area both beat him; and presently he returned to the wholesome sunlight and green of the park as "done" as he had ever felt in his life.

He was a dirty object, glad to get back to the inn unobserved. And here his plans for the afternoon were thoroughly wrecked by an attack of heart trouble which forced him to his bed in the middle of a well-earned luncheon, and kept him there.

Mr. Beamstock had already obliged him with a change of boots and trousers. He obliged him further by undertaking to say as little as possible—or even nothing—about his calamitous breakdown.

"You understand, old chap, one gets discounted at headquarters badly if one's known not to be A1 all through.

It's the second turn of the kind I've had. See what I mean?" asked the inspector painfully, in bed.

Mr. Beamstock saw, and promised; and when night fell the inspector, much to his chagrin, was still in bed.

But he would be all right in the morning. He didn't doubt that. And then—a drag for that noisome puddle

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in the wood, a tactful engagement with the curate's landlady about the state of the curate's clothes and boots on the Saturday, &c.

His brain was scarcely sounder than his heart for this residue of the Wednesday, but it was firm on these two points.

Charles Edwardes.

(To be concluded.)

THE BUDGET.

"Well, well," said Francesca, "this Budget of yours doesn't seem to be so popular after all."

"It's a way Budgets have," I said. "But why do you call this one mine? I hadn't the least bit of a little finger, let alone a hand, in it."

"No, you didn't absolutely *make* it; but you praised it up to the skies and said it was a proof of financial stability and inexhaustible resources, and a nasty smack in the eye for the Germans and all that sort of thing; and now you admit it's not popular. If it's all you said it was, people ought simply to be loving it and raving about it—but they're not."

"Oh, yes," I said, "some of them are. For instance, if you met Mr. McKenna you'd find him perfectly devoted to it."

"Oh, don't," she said.

"Don't what?" I said.

"Don't conjure up a vision of my meeting Mr. McKenna."

"Why not?" I said. "Mr. McKenna's a very able man. He once rowed in the Cambridge crew."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said; "but that was a good many years ago, wasn't it? It's had time to wear off. Now he's just bristling with figures."

"And a very good sort of thing to bristle with," I said. "If a man must

bristle with something let him bristle with——"

"I daresay you're right," she said. "You sometimes are. But I own I like a quiet unobtrusive bristler—the sort of man who doesn't want to take you beyond ten times ten in the multiplication table. I'm sure Mr. McKenna couldn't be persuaded to stop there. He'd be into rule of three and vulgar fractions and recurring decimals before you could turn round, and he'd pile millions and billions and trillions on your head. Where should I be with a man like that? I don't even know what four and a half per cent is on thirteen pounds seven shillings and ninepence three farthings. Nor for the matter of that do you—now do you?"

"Francesca," I said, "I will be quite honest with you. I do not know at this moment what four and a half per cent is (or are) on thirteen pounds seven shillings and ninepence three farthings. The calculation is complex and difficult, but if you give me time and a pencil and a piece of paper I will start on it with every hope of carrying it to a more or less satisfactory finish; but I warn you not to be too sanguine about it. It won't be a large sum—something well under a pound, I fancy; in fact so small that it's scarcely worth worrying about.

However, if you insist I'll have a shot at it. Only you must leave me alone in the room and come back in about an hour and a-half."

"And there," said Francesca, "you have the difference between you and Mr. McKenna. If I asked him a thing like that he'd rattle out the answer without so much as blinking. 'Eleven and fivepence and forty-one fifty-thirds of a penny,' he'd say, or whatever the real answer might be. 'Next, please.' And he could go on like that for ever, even if he had scores of wives in the room with him."

"Don't you think," I said, "that you are rather jumping at conclusions about the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Well," she said, "if I see a conclusion simply staring me in the face I like to go for it quick. You like to go down on your knees and crawl up to it, and you generally find it isn't there when you get to it."

"At any rate," I said, "I observe the logical processes."

"There isn't time in these days for logical processes. Things have to be done sharp and slippy."

"Like taxation," I suggested.

"Yes, isn't it monstrous?"

"I remember," I said, "when that great statesman, Mr. Gladstone——"

"You don't seem to have thought so much of him when he was alive," she said.

"Anyhow," I said, "I remember when he proposed to abolish the income-tax altogether."

"And why didn't he?"

"Because the country wouldn't have it. The country scouted the mere idea and gave the old man a frightful knock."

"Oh, dear," said Francesca, "I wish I'd lived in those days."

"Mid-Victorian," I said. "You wouldn't have liked them."

"I should have loved them," she

said. "It would have been like living in Anthony Trollope's novels."

"Yes, and you would have fallen in love with the wrong man at the beginning of the book and would have kept on refusing me——"

"No; you'd have been the wrong man."

"You'd have kept on refusing me, in spite of your whole family, up to the last chapter but one."

"And then I should have decided to be an old maid, and so we should have gone on through half-a-dozen sequels. Yes, I should have loved those days."

"However," I said, "you can't have them back, and so it's no use crying over spilt novels."

"Never mind," she said, "there's always Mr. McKenna and his Budget."

"And the income-tax," I said, "and the taxes on pianos and motor-cars."

"Yes," she said, "why do they want those?"

"I think I can explain that," I said.

"I wish you would."

"Well," I said, "when the balance of trade——"

"What's that?" she said.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt."

"All right," she said, "go on."

"When the balance of trade is heavily against us; that is to say when the imports largely exceed the exports——"

"How naughty of them! What's an import?"

"An import," I said, "is something imported into this country from another country."

"I thought it was going to be that," she said. "Like guava jelly."

"Well, yes," I said, "something like that. So when there is a heavy excess of imports we have to check them."

"Why?" she said. "I like guava jelly. I don't want it checked a bit."

"Ah, but we mustn't spend our

money on luxuries. We must learn to save," I said, "so as to——"

"I see," she said; "so as to be able to pay more and more in taxes. I've got it at last."

"Yes," I said, "that's about the long and the short of it."

"Well then," she said, "I want you to promise me one thing."

Punch.

"It's promised," I said. "What is it?"

"Promise me, when you pay our taxes, to pay them, not grudgingly, but gladly. Don't merely look pleasant, but be pleasant. It's about the only way in which we can really help in the war."

I promised to do my best.

R. C. Lehmann.

ON PEASANT CHRISTIANITY.

Mr. Stephen Graham, in his book on the Russian pilgrimage to Jerusalem, quotes a very interesting example of what we may call the peasant folklore of Christendom. On Easter Day an old man who had made the pilgrimage with him from the heart of Russia said to Mr. Graham:—

"Christ is risen, and it is Easter, but not like the Easter when He rose. How the sun blazes! All Jerusalem is dry and will remain dry, but then it was fresh, and there was rain, such rain! You know there came a fruitful year after His death. No one had known such a summer. Everything seemed to yield double or treble increase, and there was a freshness which seemed to promise impossible things."

"The old man spoke of it," Mr. Graham adds, "as a well-known fact as vividly remembered as if it had happened yesterday." To a corporate faith and love indeed two thousand years is but a very little time. It may very fairly be argued that a thread transmitting this memory and this knowledge runs through the centuries from the first Easter Day, vanquishing time as a telegraph wire conveying its messages vanquishes space. It is conceivable that the minds of the first Christians received an exact reflection of the events of the sacred story with all the circumstances and details accompanying them, and that this reflection has been retained and transmitted to all

generations of the faithful. Visionaries like Sister Catharine Emmerich may in some unknown way have gained an access to this stored-up memory. Be that as it may, the folklore of all Christendom connects rain with Ascension Day. Rain falling on that day has everywhere a peculiar sacredness.

Anyone who has any acquaintance with the peasant-mind and habit of thought knows how the remembrance of such a thing as this would be treasured up and handed on. Country people talk of the weather of bygone years, and they connect it with the turning-points of their own lives, the weddings and funerals, the notable events, the battles and coronations, the people who have been talked about and made a stir in the world. They will tell you about "Hot Wednesday," they will argue about which was the year of "the great snow." They talk of these things on summer evenings and by winter fires. Peasants are never really interested in anything they have not themselves seen and known, some fact or event they themselves have witnessed and been concerned in. Their whole minds are occupied with concrete things, the tangible, the visible, the known, the loved, the remembered. For the abstract, the unknown, the distant from their own homely and familiar world, they care nothing. The faith of Christen-

dom started with a group of Jewish peasants who had gathered round a Person like themselves whom they felt to be more than themselves. Its starting-point was the figure of the carpenter whose father and mother they knew. Never leaving the personal, never leaving the concrete, dwelling on it, living in it, they came to believe that what they had seen with their eyes, what they had looked upon and their hands had handled was that which was from the beginning, that eternal life which was with the Father and had been manifested unto them. Christianity began, not with theories and abstractions, but with events and persons, and their effect and influence on the real world and on human life. The great peasant figure, the life and teaching so full of the peasant simplicity and charity, the peasant reality and nearness to the earth and everyday life, so removed from the academic, the unreal, the conventional, became for them one with what was highest and most remote, and brought them the clear knowledge and vision of unknown invisible things. How they would talk of all this, those ploughmen and vinedressers of whom St. Jerome tells us, the whole scenery and setting of the Story, what the weather was like, the cold wind of Good Friday, the soft, warm rain of Ascension Day, the wealth of blossom and fruit all that year. To St. Paul's Gentile converts all these things would be further off, not so homelike. But pilgrims coming to the Holy Places would hear the stories, would bring them home, say, to Byzantium, and from thence they would in time be carried to the most distant steppes and plains of Russia, where peasants have dwelt on them and repeated them from that day to this.

In this Christianity of the peasant and the child comes a sense of the transfiguration of common things, an

enhancement and enrichment of the everyday world. A well is the Well by which Mary sat at the Annunciation; a stable into which the farm boy goes in the cold winter morning with food for his beasts, the actual stable with its cold and darkness and uncleanness is the place of the great Birth; a strange sacred shadow falls on the carpenter's shop with its chips and shavings and scattered tools. Christianity has thus endowed the common world with a rare quality of romance. To a great extent this vanishes when the old detailed popular knowledge has been blurred into a featureless reverence. The mirror which has caught the exact reflection has been broken, and a land without the mysterious perpetuation of the Sacred Story is uninhabited by spiritual presences and powers. In England one feels there is very little sense of a transfiguration and consecration of common things. Heaven is something unimaginable, something infinitely distant. To the true Peasant Christianity the earth is taken up into the heavenly courts; and the pilgrim finds Heaven itself in earthly holy places.

The spirit of Christian folk-lore which is quite dead in England, and, to be fair, probably in the greater part of Western Europe, is among the Russian peasants alive and creative as ever. Christian folk-lore is always concerned with concrete, everyday things, and it effects the transfiguration of them of which we have spoken. To give an example from Italy; it was, and probably still is, the custom in Florence to expose crickets for sale on Ascension Day, those strident summer creatures, the *cicale*, each in a little wicker cage. They may be seen on the stalls in the market-place by hundreds and by thousands. The origin of the custom is the legend, be it pure folk-fancy or some long-descended echo of a tale brought home

by pilgrims, that as Our Lord stood on Mount Olivet amid the May grass and the flowers, a cicada leapt up with one of those astonishing leaps of theirs, and settled on His robe, and so was carried up with Him, one of the tiniest and the lowliest of earth's creatures still shrilling with its little insistent earthly voice, into the highest heaven. This little story is a parable of the whole mystery of the Ascension. It is delightful to think of the shrill earthly tinkle of this minute creature, sounding on as it is borne up through unimaginable spaces, sphere after sphere, still sounding on, mingling with the thunderous antiphons and responses of the nine choirs, till it reaches the Throne of God. With it comes all the whisper and the murmur of the earth, the hum and drone of winged insects, the lowing of cattle, the gossip and the mirth of summer evenings—it is the answer to earth's prayer, "O! clamor meus ad Te veniat." Such flowers of fancy no longer spring spontaneously and naturally from the popular mind.

This art and poetry is always concerned with real things. The people are interested in life itself as they themselves live it, and as it goes on all around them. The little song, "Si le Roy m'avoit donné" is a perfect example of popular poetry. The carvings of medieval Cathedrals show what popular art was in its good days. The glory of Christianity is that it took

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the common vital human experiences, the moving earthly scenes, and made them the subject-matter of religion, the objects of devotion. It caught these things up into heaven, made men see heaven in them here. In the circle of Eternity it set the image of the Mother and Child. One has only to think of what the nativity has been in popular art and poetry to form some idea of the intensity of the appeal it made to the common human heart. Here was something for the mind to dwell on, for the fancy to play with, for the heart to love. Here was something to talk about—no freezing, dumb-striking abstraction! "How he would talk when he got home," says Mr. Graham of the old man Dyadya, whose words we began by quoting. How they have talked and talked for two thousand years, the disciples, and the peasants and the pilgrims! The neighbors have told tales and sung songs about it around the fire on winter nights—they have gone, if not to the Holy Land, yet to some steep hill-side sanctuary near home to catch a glimpse of it in the long summer days. The Divine has come down to men—has been made accessible to them. There is a diminutive in the Gloria. "Gloria al Padre," it runs in its usual Italian form "e al Figliuolo"—"and to the little Son"—"e al Spirito Santo." The prattle of baby-talk is heard amid the austere eternal praise.

Curé de Campagne.

WHY IT IS WORSE TO SHOOT A WOMAN.

The shooting of Miss Edith Cavell at the orders of a military court in Brussels has outraged the sense of right of the civilized world more than anything since the sinking of the *Lusitania*. There are many people indeed who sincerely hold that here is a crime

more unspeakable even than the sinking of the *Lusitania* or the horrors of Louvain. Comparisons between excessive crimes of this kind are not of much use, depending as they do largely upon personal feeling. But one may at least say without contradiction

that not since the execution of Ferrer has the world in general been so deeply moved by the doing to death of a human being. It is a remarkable thing that in the very height of this million-fold and continental struggle, in which lives are poured out every hour of the day as indifferently as though they were dishwater, men should pause to ask themselves whether the crowning horror of the whole business was not the killing of this one woman, of whom few of them had ever heard before. Nor was it only among her fellow-countrymen that this sense of bewildered horror was aroused. The neutral world, too, in the persons of the American and Spanish Ministers at Brussels, had flung itself passionately into the effort for her rescue. It was a matter upon which the old world and the new were instinctively at one. Only the German military caste could have looked on the affair as all in the day's work. And even the German military caste seems to have been conscious that there was something shameful in the deed. The wall of secrecy, haste, and lying with which the condemnation and execution of Miss Cavell were surrounded remind one of the circumstances of some old dynastic murder. These proofs of shame—while they reassure us that even German military governors have consciences of sorts—are also proofs of guilt. Here are Macbeths in murderous mood telling themselves that "t were well it were done quickly." Sir George Otto Trevelyan has compared them in their ruthlessness to Judge Jeffreys, who in the days following Monmouth's rising condemned Alice Lisle to be beheaded for giving shelter to a rebel, and Elizabeth Gaunt to be burned on the same charge. Other women at the time were scourged from town to town. English history does not palliate these ancient outrages on women, but condemns them. It holds up James II. and Judge

Jeffreys to general detestation. It takes the same view of them that General Churchill, the victor of Sedgemoor, expressed about the king, when, striking the mantelpiece, he declared: "This marble is not harder than the King's heart." Germany seems to have confided her destinies to a great extent to men of the stamp of James II. and Judge Jeffreys. Their rulers have hearts of marble. They are as deaf to the pleadings of humanity as gods made of sticks and stone. Executions like that of Miss Cavell have about them for the modern imagination something of the horror of human sacrifices.

How much of this horror is due in the present instance to the fact that the victim was a woman? A good deal, no doubt. Horror at the execution of persons of noble character is not always altogether the result of a belief in their innocence of the breach of the law of which they were accused. Even if we admit the German case against Miss Cavell we may still feel her execution to have been a crime. Grant for the nonce that she was engaged in work such as readers of popular fiction associate with the figure of the Scarlet Pimpernel—the work of helping fugitives to escape from peril. Grant even that these fugitives were men of military age who, on arriving in a place of safety, might join or rejoin the army of the Allies. Is this a crime for which—say, in England—a woman would have been condemned to death? We can say with practical certainty that it is not. In this country, even in many cases in which men might be condemned to death, women are spared. Thus, though a woman has been convicted of espionage in England during the past year, she was not executed. If Lody had been a woman, it is a thousand chances to one that he would not have been executed. If he had been, it would have been in de-

fiance of a clamorous public agitation for a reprieve. On the other hand, Miss Cavell was not a spy like Lody. One feels tolerably certain that even a man convicted on a similar charge to hers would have got off here with a term of imprisonment. In order to imagine such a case, we have to think of a German doctor of unselfish character, known for his good work among the poor, residing in England and assisting Germans to escape to their own country, where they might possibly join the German Army. A section of the Press, we must admit, might howl for his blood, and nothing less than his blood, but the national sense of justice would not listen to the clamor: he would, we may say without hesitation, be punished with nothing worse than imprisonment for a term of years—imprisonment which, in fact, would last only till the end of the war. But the parallel we have chosen is grossly unfair to Miss Cavell. Miss Cavell did not reside in Germany, but in Belgium. She owed no debt to German hospitality such as she would have owed had she been resident in Germany. She remained in Belgium, not out of pretended love for Germany, but from a desire to serve the stricken people of Belgium. She, as a matter of equity, had infinitely greater right to be in Belgium than the Germans had. She was there with the goodwill of the people, while the Germans are not. The German doctor in England, whose case we have imagined, could not have been here except by betraying the hospitality of the country in which he resided. There would have been a suspicion of dishonor in his work. But even he, as we have said, would have escaped the death penalty in England. How much more ought Miss Cavell to have been spared the extreme of vengeance in Belgium!

For our part we hold that, even if her offence had been ten times what it

was, she ought, nevertheless, to have been reprieved simply because she was a woman. We know that neither the extreme feminists, nor what we may call the extreme masculinists, will agree with us. But the instinct of civilized human beings as a whole, at their present stage of development, is on our side. This instinct, we believe, is worth a thousand *a priori* arguments. The advocates of equal rights for men and women, it may be, ought logically also to demand equal punishments for men and women, and in Utopia, if there were any laws to transgress, and if anybody ever transgressed them, a system of equal punishments would possibly obtain. But we have not climbed to Utopia yet. We are still clinging on, as it were, by our fingernails to the hillsides of civilization, and the fact that we have come even so far as we have is due in a measure it would be hard to define to the growth of instinctive considerateness for women. This is not to deny the centuries of wrongs which have been inflicted on women, or the fact that men have too often acted on the Mahomedan superstition that women have no souls. It is not to deny that justice is at least as desirable as mercy or charity, or that the partial chivalry of the bully is an inferior substitute for freedom. On the other hand, we cannot help believing that in the evolution towards a humaner society the theory of considerateness to women plays an immense part. Logicians may say that considerateness to all human beings would play a still greater part, and indeed this is obvious. But we fear that in many cases the alternative is not considerateness to all human beings, but no considerateness at all.

Thus it was undeniably a good thing that the English law abolished the flogging of women in 1820. It might have been better to abolish flogging al-

together, but at the same time we understand and sympathize with the instinct which regards it as a still more degrading thing to flog a woman than it is to flog a man. This feeling may be regarded as sheer sentimentality, as the old humbug of sentimental veneration. But we imagine that science could give us several good reasons for the general instinct of civilized men as regards the flogging and killing of women. We heard a lady declare the other day that the only justification for lighter punishments for women than for men was that no woman could be found to flog or shoot another. This, also, is idealism, and has no support in history. The laws of Athelstan laid it down that a female slave who had committed a theft should be burned alive by eighty other female slaves, and we imagine that even to-day, with a little practice, women could accustom themselves to inflicting all manner of punishments on other women. The plea for special treatment for women must be grounded, we think, on some instinct making for the preservation of the race. It has been said that, if nearly all the men of any nation were killed, the women could quickly repeople it, but, if nearly all the women were killed, twenty mil-

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lion men could do no more to reproduce the nation than could twenty thousand. Woman, to a greater extent than man, is the representative of the continuity of the race, and even in many savage races, some observers have told us, this results in man's ascribing to woman "some dim sort of sacred character, a mystic nature, as it were." M. Cureau, whose *Savage Man in Central Africa* has recently been translated into English, writes regarding this: "The origin of this concept is complex; in part it is connected with the idea of value or wealth ascribed to woman, while in part . . . it aims to tie down the weaker sex to its present state of thralldom. But surely we must also see in it some feeling of superstitious veneration for woman's natural functions, particularly for that of conception, whose nature is so mysterious even to us." This may be a superstition which future ages will be able to do without. But superstitions, as Sir J. G. Frazer has pointed out, are in many cases signposts to a higher civilization. The superstition that shrinks from taking the life of a woman is, we believe, a better omen for human society than the doctrinaire rationalism of ruthlessness.

AN ENGLISHMAN PHILOSOPHIZES.

Of course one cannot mention his name. He always disliked publicity. It was a source of pride with him that his name had never appeared in the papers. Unless it appears in the "Roll of Honor," it probably never will. Let us call him "the Average Englishman." It is what he used to aim at being, and if such a being can be said to exist, surely he was it.

As regards philosophizing—well, he simply didn't. He had not read philos-

ophy at a University, and he never would think things out. He disapproved of men in his position attempting anything of the sort. He considered it a waste of time and rather unwholesome. To talk about one's innermost convictions he regarded as indecent. The young curate from Oxford, who talks best about God after a bottle of champagne, shocked him badly. He said that it was blasphemous. His own point of view was

a modest one. Where the learned differed so widely, he argued, it was hardly likely that his inadequate mental equipment would help him to a sound conclusion. The nearest approach to a philosophy that he possessed was wholly practical, empirical, even opportunist. It was not a philosophy at all, but a code of honor and morals, based partly on tradition and partly on his own shrewd observation of the law of cause and effect as illustrated in the lives of his neighbors. As a philosophy it remained unformulated. He refused even to discuss its philosophical and theological implications. In fact, his was "the religion of all sensible men," and "sensible men don't tell" what that is.

It suited him to be outwardly orthodox. His mother liked him to take her to church on Sunday. To see him doing so increased the confidence of his professional *clientèle*. Also, the vicar was a friend of his, and played a capital game of golf. So he was orthodox; but abstract truth was not his job. He left that to the parsons and professors.

That this was the standpoint which he adopted is not altogether surprising. It worked. It enabled him to meet quite adequately all the mild exigencies of his uneventful life and unexciting personality. For his life was dull and his personality far too habitually restrained to offer any sensations. If hidden fires had ever burned beneath his somewhat conventional exterior, they had received no encouragement, and had soon died out for want of air.

Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, he found himself lifted out of his office chair, and after a short interval deposited "somewhere in France." Here he found himself leading a ridiculously uncivilized and uncomfortable life, and standing in constant danger of being blown to pieces. Naturally the transition was a little bewildering. Out-

wardly he remained calm; but below the surface strange things were happening—nothing less than a complete readjustment of his mental perspective. Somehow his code, hitherto so satisfactory, failed to suffice for the new situation in which he found himself. The vaguely good-natured selfishness which had earned for him the title of "good fellow" in the quiet days of peace did not quite fit in with the new demands made on his personality. Much against his will, he had to try to think things out.

It was an unmitigated nuisance. His equipment was so poor. He had read so little that was of any use to him. All that he could remember were some phrases from the Bible, some verses from Omar Khayyâm, and a sentence or two from the Latin Syntax. And then his brain was so unaccustomed to this sort of effort. It made him quite tired; but it had to be done. A man couldn't sit in a trench hour after hour and day after day with shells whizzing through the air over his head, or bursting thunderously ten yards from him, without trying to get some grip of his mental attitude towards them. He could not see his comrades killed and maimed and mutilated without in some way defining his views on life and death and duty and fate. He could not shoot and bayonet his fellow-men without trying to formulate some justification for such an unprecedented course of action. His mind was compelled to react to the new and extraordinary situations with which it was confronted. And, oddly enough, in the course of these successive reactions he passed, without knowing it, very close to the path trodden before him by some of the greatest teachers of the world.

To begin with, it came as something of a shock to discover that the *Rubâiyât*, hitherto his most fruitful source of quotations, was quite useless

to him. It was futile to talk about the cup when one had nothing to put in it, and as for refusing to take life seriously—well, Omar lived before the days of high explosives. The Latin Syntax was a little better. It at any rate provided him with *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, but even that seemed to be framed more for the comfort of his sorrowing relatives in the event of his "stopping a bullet" than for himself. As for the Bible—well, there were some jolly things in that, but he was rather shy about the Bible. It didn't seem quite playing the game to go to it now when he had neglected it so long; besides, these higher critics—well, he hadn't gone into the matter, but he had a pretty shrewd idea that the Bible was a bit discredited. No, he would just go by facts and their effect on himself, and do his best out of his own head.

One afternoon he was in a support trench, and the Germans had got the direction pretty right, and were enfilading it at a long range with their heavy guns. The shells began by dropping at the far end of the trench, which they blew to pieces most successfully. They then began to creep up in his direction, the range lengthening about twenty-five yards after each half-dozen shells. Would they reach him? Would he be at the end or in the middle of this beastly interval of twenty-five yards? In short, would the shells drop on top of him or about ten yards short or ten yards over? It was an agonizing half-hour, and in the course of it he very nearly became a Mohammedan. He didn't call it that. But he tried to read a comic paper, and told himself that it was simply a question of fate. "I can't do anything about it," he said to himself. "If the damned thing drops, it drops; I can't stop it by worrying." Fate, that was the solution. "Kismet!"

he repeated to himself, thinking, in a moment of inspiration, of Oscar Asche. As a matter of fact, the enfilade was not perfect, and as the shells crept up the exact direction was lost, and they burst harmlessly about fifteen yards behind the trench instead of in it. The Average Englishman murmured "Praise be to Allah!" and relit his pipe, which had gone out.

Then a day or two later his company was moved up to the firing trench. Somehow the "Kismet!" formula did not seem so effective there. The Germans were only about twenty-five yards away, the barbed wire had been badly knocked about, and the beasts had an unpleasant habit of creeping up at night through the long grass and throwing bombs into the trench. It was no longer a question of sitting tight and waiting; one had to watch very carefully, and the element of retaliation came in too. He found himself sitting up half the night with a pile of bombs on the sandbags in front of him, watching the grass with straining eyes. It was nervous work. He had never thrown a bomb. Of course it was quite simple. You just pulled a pin out, counted four, and let fly. But supposing you dropped the beastly thing! Though it was a cold night, he sweated at the thought. Self-confidence was what he wanted now—self-confidence and the will to conquer. Where that last phrase came from he was not sure. He luckily did not realize how near he was to becoming a disciple of the Hunnish Nietzsche! "The will to prevail," that was the phrase which pleased him; and he thought to himself that it would suit a charge too, if one came his way.

But the next morning it rained. The trench being a brand-new one, there were no dug-outs, and he had to stand in water and get wet. It was horrible. "Kismet!" irritated him; "the

will to prevail" did not help. Yet it was no use grousing. It only made matters worse for himself and the other fellows. Then he remembered a phrase from a boys' club in poorer London; "Keep smiling," was the legend written over the door, and he remembered that the motto on the club button was "Fratres." By God, those kids had a pretty thin time of it! But yet, somehow, when all the "Fratres" had made a determined effort to keep smiling, the result was rather wonderful. Yes, "Keep smiling" was the best motto he could find for a wet day, and he tried hard to live up to it.

At last the battalion went into reserve, and was unutterably bored for a week. By night they acted as ration carriers and improved communication trenches. By day they endured endless inspections, slept a little, and grumbled much. Our Average Englishman tried hard to keep smiling, but failed miserably. This made him wonder whether, on his return to the trenches, his other formulæ would also fail him. But on the day before they went back into support one of the corporals fell sick, and much to his surprise he was hurriedly given one stripe and put in command of a section.

This promotion pleased him. He took the responsibility with extreme seriousness, and became quite fatherly in his attitude towards his "command." This was all the easier because that particular section had lost heavily during the preceding spell in the trenches, and its ranks had been largely made up from the members of a draft fresh from home.

We do not propose to describe his experiences minutely. Much the same thing happened as happened before. They were shelled while in support, and he walked up and down his section encouraging them and calming them down. In the firing trench the

same bombs were in readiness, and he spent most of the night with the sentry to give him confidence. A bomb from a trench mortar actually fell into his part of the trench, killing one lad and wounding two more, and for the moment his hands were full steadying the others, applying field dressings to the wounded, and seeing to their removal from the trench.

At length the battalion was relieved, and marched back to a rest camp, where it spent three weeks of comparative peace. In the intervals of presenting arms and acting as orderly corporal the Average Englishman thought over his experiences, and it suddenly struck him that during his fortnight as a section commander he had actually forgotten to be afraid, or even nervous! It was really astounding. Moreover, his mind rose to the occasion, and pointed out the reason. He had been so anxious for his section that he had never once thought of himself! With a feeling of utter astonishment, he realized that he had stumbled upon the very roots of courage—unselfishness. He, the Average Englishman, had made an epoch-making philosophical discovery!

Of course he did not know that the Buddha had discovered this great truth some thousands of years before him. Still less did he guess that the solution of all these problems with which war had confronted him was contained in the religion in which he was supposed to have been educated: that trust in the all-knowing Father was Christ's loftier substitute for submission to fate; that faith was the higher form of self-confidence; and that the love that Christ taught was the Buddha's selflessness without the incubus of his artificial philosophy. Nevertheless, he had made great strides, and war has still fresh experiences in store for him, and no doubt experience will continue to in-

struct. And after all, how seldom does a "Christian education" teach one any-

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thing worth knowing about Christianity!

D.

THE PLIGHT OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

It is useful at this time, when many are disturbed not only by comparisons of fighting forces but also of economic resources, to examine the condition of the enemy at home. Such an examination may help to explain the recklessness with which he is sacrificing lives in hope of attaining a speedy result. During the past month the German Press has been partially unmuzzled on this subject. Fierce controversies between papers representative of different classes have attempted to fix blame for the facts upon one class or another. Appeals are made to the Government to take one course or other for the future modification of the facts. But the facts themselves remain agreed by all. The price of the necessities of life has risen from 75 to 100 per cent on those prevalent at the beginning of the war. The women simply cannot live and rear children on the wages or government allowances provided for soldiers' families. Potato bread is still available, but there has been a substantial rise in the price of potatoes, and the poor are crying to the Government for help. Milk and butter show an actual scarcity of supply, combined with prohibitive selling price. Meat is practically out of reach of the poor. All the fat substances show also conspicuous scarcity, and a bewildered Government is calling on the German scientists to produce fat from sewage, dead horses, and other bye-products of war. Berlin and the great cities look cheerful on the surface to the wandering "neutral." Below, in the poor quarters, women are standing *en queue* often all night for the right to purchase fragments of meat.

bacon, or lard in the morning, and there are scuffles and struggles, during which, in something like a riot, the weakest go to the wall. The "Vorwärts" of October 15th last, describes the scenes at the sales in the municipal shops of meat and lard. The sales began at 7 in the morning and lasted till 10. At 10.30, in one shop there were still 100 people when it was closed, and some 1,000 had to go away empty-handed. Women complained that they had spent three or four nights near the shop door, and yet had not arrived early enough to be served with meat. Under the heading "The Miseries of War," the scene is described of crowds of old men, women, and children, waiting at the barracks with pots and pails for an hour and a half for the gift of the remains of the soldiers' meal. "The rise in the price of food stuffs drives to the barrack door many who in other times would never have dreamt of begging for a soldier's dinner."

In regions as far apart as Silesia and Aachen demonstrations of protest are recorded, sometimes active and violent, sometimes the mere mute appeal of processions of women, half-starved, exhibiting their half-starved children. Everywhere everybody thinks that the Government should interfere, while nowhere does anyone clearly understand what the Government could do.

The "Vorwärts" continues to preach, as from the outbreak of the war, the fixing of prices, and not locally, but throughout the Empire. By such means it hopes to eliminate the speculator, and to reduce the rents of the

landlords. Local attempts to fix prices have proved a dismal failure. At Munster, in Westphalia, for example, the "butter war," started last August, has resulted in a complete triumph of the butter producers. The authorities fixed the maximum price at 1s. 6d. a pound. The producers immediately began to curtail supplies. The authorities raised the maximum to 1s. 7d. The supply almost ceased. The maximum was then abolished, and Munster received its butter—at 2s. a pound—likely to rise to 3s. in the near future. Meanwhile the Central Authorities can do nothing but issue pathetic requests for the rich and middle classes to curtail their supply of butter in order that the poor may live, pleading also (with some gleams of political economy) that measures taken to prevent a rise in the price of butter will result in a diminished import from foreign countries. In Berlin (according to the "Tageblatt") the authorities have issued a preliminary order, limiting the maximum selling price of butter in Berlin and Brandenburg to 2s. 8d. a pound, to remain in force until October 31st. Meantime, however, the smaller towns, in such districts as Central Silesia, protest that the goods brought to their markets were bought by the dealers and sold in the big towns; and the effect of their fixing maximum prices only accelerated that disappearance. They are informed, indeed, that despite the innumerable efforts made in different places and by different authorities, prices were likely to continue to rise; and the statement is endorsed all over the country, by a united press. Political economy (that dead "academic" science suddenly revived by war) also troubles the Burgomaster of Vienna, who plaintively pleads to a half-starved populace: "If I fix maximum prices high enough to induce the Hungarian pig dealers to sell, consumers in Vienna abuse me; if I fix

them low enough to please the consumers, the Hungarians refuse to sell."

Amid this general condemnation of the country by the cities, the agrarians, not without force, hit back. The rise of prices, they complain, is not their fault. It is entirely due to the deprivation of foreign supplies, combined with the immense rise in the cost of the raw material of their industry. Food for the cattle has been prohibited; fodder for the kine is raised to a prohibitive price, and even at that price is precarious. In Vienna "one literally trembles," says the Burgomaster, "from week to week, for fear that the necessary fodder will not be forthcoming." In the "Kölnische Zeitung," the Secretary of the Rhenish Farmers' Union puts the farmers' case with much ability. The scarcity of imported foodstuffs, the high price of home substitutes, dearer coal and petroleum, are alone shown by calculation in figures to account for the high price of milk, meat, butter, and eggs. If a maximum unremunerative price is fixed, the beasts will be slaughtered or the farmers ruined. Yet from the cities the cry continually comes for fixing such maximum prices; together with a general condemnation of that German internal "organization," which was supposed to be the wonder of the world. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" affirms that it speaks for the whole population "from the highest social grade to the poorest workman's wife" in demanding that the Government shall once for all make an end to this continuous rise in prices, while the "Frankfurter" heads an attack on the futility of the new attempt to deal with the potato famine, "The Potato Order: Another 'Miss-hit.'"

So, wherever we plunge beneath the flag-waving, music, and band-celebrating triumph of arms, this note of misery is apparent—the misery of war.

"The shadows at home," Paul Harms calls it in the *"Berliner Tageblatt,"* contrasted with, and, to some extent, clouding the great military achievements of Germany abroad. He bitterly attacks the Government for fumblingly and inefficiently dealing with the problem, and complains that an Empire waging war against three World-Powers is seemingly unable to deal with the feeding of its own people, and that the sole result of this incapacity will be an immense revival of Socialism after the war. "The pity of it," he asserts, "is that our brave men and our mighty Empire always seem in the field to be condemned to begin all over again." The *"Frankfurter,"* always a docile supporter of middle-class sentiment, has also been suddenly anxious, and announces grave dissatisfaction widely felt at the present state of the food supply. The authorities must, if necessary, not shrink from the extension of the bread ticket to other articles of necessary consumption. It is specially concerned with the milk supply for infants, mothers, and the sick. It calls on the Imperial Chancellor to return from the Western front in order to deal with these vital matters. How vital these matters are, how great the misery, is revealed in *"Vorwärts"* in a Cologne incident. A bed and wardrobe were offered as a gift in a local paper. The applications were overwhelming, and sample incidents are quoted. "As I am a poor soldier's wife, with three small children and only one bed and no wardrobes, I beg to reply to your advertisement." "I am a soldier's wife, with two children, and have no bed—sleep upon the ground. My

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dwelling is open to inspection at any time." So the pitiful records read. "Have no wardrobe, and, as I am far gone in consumption, I need a bed to sleep alone. We have five children and four are dead." Another has a husband come back from the fighting line, now in a sanitarium, incurable. She cannot buy herself a bed as she has not the money. The war allowance is insufficient even to provide food for the children. "All these letters," says the *"Vorwärts,"* in a courageous comment, "show that the life of the soldiers' families is, after all, some thing different from the ideas entertained by many simple persons, who see only the surface, and, having deceived themselves, wish to deceive others."

The short successful war, the spoils of victory, the wealth of Belgium, huge indemnities, annexation of colonies, trade which would make everyone prosperous and contented and bring back the armies in triumph and splendor—that was the reward promised and the dream dreamed. To-day the reality is growing daily farther from that intoxicating vision; in the sight of enormous and increasing losses in the field, starving women at home fighting for food for their children, the miseries of another winter in sight, with increasing privation, and no alternative but ruin, whether victorious or defeated, at the end. "It will be a long time before Germany comes to her last gasp," writes a neutral who has just returned from Germany, "but no one can describe the ruin into which she will be plunged when the day of the victory of the Entente arrives."

THE AMERICAN NOTE.

American jurists and diplomatists will feel, we imagine, that the latest American Note is not altogether worthy of the better traditions of the Republic. It goes at great length into a number of technical points, and advances upon them as settled law opinions which are notoriously open to dispute; but it nowhere rises to a broad view of the larger issues involved in this world-war, or indicates the statesman's ability to adapt old principles to novel conditions. The document wholly ignores not only the world-wide character of the present war, but also the importance to civilization and to humanity of the fundamental moral issues which the best American opinion has acknowledged to be at stake. It relies, for example, upon alleged precedents taken from the period since 1888—a period in which there was no maritime warfare of the first order—and it seeks to apply them to the most terrible struggle that has convulsed the world for more than a hundred years. It attempts, on the authority of unnamed "naval experts," to make out that it is easier to board and inspect a modern merchant ship, with a huge mixed cargo, than it was to search the sailing vessels of the days of Nelson or of Jervis. It throws doubt on the growing complexity of commerce and the facilities thereby given for fraud. It attaches great consequence to questions of procedure and to formalities, even where no merits are averred. It makes efforts to explain away the plain result of certain historic American decisions, and it draws super-subtle distinctions between the action of the Union in the Civil War and the action of the Allies to-day. It savors rather of the brief than of the judgment, or even of the argument which a large-minded counsel would care to submit

to an intelligent Court. We have not the least doubt that the technical points of which it makes so much can be conclusively disposed of, but we do not propose to discuss them in detail to-day. We prefer to look upon the broader aspects of the Note.

The first complaint made by Mr. Wilson's Government is that we have in certain cases detained American vessels upon suspicion. We believed that these vessels were carrying contraband or intended to evade our "non-intercourse" regulations. The Note does not in this connection deny that they may have had this guilty purpose. The grievance solemnly charged against us is that we detained them while we sought for evidence as to whether they were guilty or not. This brings us back to the contention put forward in former American Notes, that the only evidence upon which such ships can rightly be detained is evidence found in them, and not evidence ascertained from external sources. The plea is weakened by the admission that there "may have been" "irregularities" in this respect in American practice "at the beginning"—it was a very long beginning—of the Civil War; but, apart from this quite inadequate admission, the doctrine itself is not a little remarkable. Every community daily exercises the necessary right of arresting persons suspected of illegal acts, and if the suspicion is reasonable they have no redress. It is not denied that in these cases the suspicion has been not only reasonable, but strong, and that in many of them it has been abundantly justified by the evidence obtained from external sources. They were guilty, and their guilt was proved. How were they or their Government wronged by detention until this evidence could be adduced? The sugges-

tion of the "naval experts" that the method of search they favor would actually benefit a belligerent, because it would release his ships from the duty of search and enable them to fight elsewhere, needs no comment. If the police abandoned the arrest of suspected criminals, no doubt the force might be reduced.

Behind all the arguments, which are mostly captious and sometimes inconsistent, against the exercise of our "so-called blockade"—occasionally confused with our action to check contraband—there does, however, lie one broad principle. It is that while the Allies are fighting for their lives, and for all that they and America hold most sacred, the United States possess a "general right to enjoy their international trade free from unusual and arbitrary limitations." This is in effect a claim that they shall enjoy exemption from the inevitable consequences of a great maritime war. Our searches of American ships have, it seems, a deterrent effect upon American trade ventures. Vessels are withdrawn "from their usual routes" while insurance and cargoes are refused. No remedy, it is observed, can be obtained in Prize Courts for these wrongs. Did not we suffer, and suffer grievously, from them and from kindred injuries in the Civil War? Do Americans forget how they practically wiped out the whole industry of Lancashire and plunged its population into dire distress? Did we complain; did the victims themselves complain? No; their sufferings were acute, but their sympathies and the sympathies of the whole English democracy remained true to the North. They believed that the North was fighting in the cause of human liberty and moral right, and therefore they were patient. Some reciprocity, it may seem to Americans as well as to us, might be expected from Washington in the day of our

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trial. On the question of the flag as decisive of the nationality of merchant ships, we shall merely observe that the Note appears to renounce the old Anglo-American doctrine, and to substitute for it the Continental doctrine repudiated by American jurists of a former age. There are two other points in the document which deserve a brief notice. The theory of blockade which it adopts, if it were rigidly applied, would necessarily exercise a dangerous influence on the relations between a great maritime Power and the small neutral States adjoining the territory of her non-maritime enemy. She would either have to see her most effective weapon paralyzed, while supplies flowed freely through the ports of these States to her adversary, or she would be driven to make war upon them in self-defence. That result would hardly earn their thanks to the "champion of the integrity of neutral rights" across the Atlantic, or be very conducive to her enjoyment of general trade. The Note wholly overlooks the activities of British submarines in the Baltic when it affirms that the German coasts are notoriously open to trade with Scandinavia. Our position in the Baltic to-day is considerably stronger than the position of America off the Confederate coast when without protest from us she boldly placed it all under a paper blockade. We might be well advised to make use of our naval strength in the Baltic and to cut the knot of these controversies by proclaiming a blockade forthwith of all the German ports and coasts. The second point in the Note which we cannot pass over is the extravagant character of its language. We make allowance, however, for the exigencies of American domestic politics, and attribute to them a choice of adjectives and a turn of expression not usually found in the formal intercourse between the Governments of great peoples.

BULGARIA'S DOUBLE RISK.

It is a commonplace to say that Bulgaria in siding with the Germanic Powers is perpetrating the supreme blunder of her mixed career as a nation, and it is almost equally a commonplace that, having counted all the chances, she thinks that she will not only be safer fighting under the Hun flag, but will profit enormously thereby. From neutrality to belligerency is a considerable step for a nation situated like Bulgaria, with recent enemies on every side, and with Russia, still undefeated, her reserves of strength practically unimpaired, in the not distant background. Even were the prospects of material advantage clear and decided, it is a violent wrench from tradition to fight against her co-religionist protector, and we in this country may imagine without much reason that she had qualms of conscience in opposing a people whose Near-Eastern policy has never recovered from the bias given by the Bulgarian atrocities. Let us admit that the Bulgarians hate the Serbs and the Greeks and, for that matter, the Rumanians too; no sensible State or person will seek revenge unless in conditions which ensure success—or unless the failure of the attempt is believed to carry no penalty. Let us admit further that King Ferdinand is an alien by birth, habits, and religion in the land he governs, that he has never become a Slav in any sense, but remains what he was by birth, a cadet of one of the small German principalities which were swallowed up by Prussia and have ever since remained stupefied with admiration at the feat, that he is restlessly ambitious, and unscrupulous on a scale which is Oriental, not European. Granted all this, his bitterest critics, who have always been numer-

ous across the Channel, have seldom accused him of being a fool, and he must have counted up his demerits, his insecure hold upon his subjects, and his suspect, or rather notorious, past, before he embarked on this adventure. It is difficult to understand how he dared to challenge the ties of blood, the pervasive influence of the priesthood, the national Ministers and Generals who were not his creatures or the tools of Germany; but this he did, and in so doing he defied more than the risk of a German defeat. He hazarded everything on what was doubly uncertain, but to him a certainty, that, if the Germans won, he would be recompensed for his services in territory, titles, or money, and that, if the Germans lost, his treachery would cost him next to nothing.

His calculation is wrong on two grounds, but Ferdinand had some reasons for thinking it correct, and nothing else will explain his action. He was not forced into the war as has been pleaded by some; he was as free as Rumania to remain rigidly neutral towards the Central Powers, and in one respect more free, because his kingdom nowhere marched with their territory. From Turkey he had nothing to fear, because the Turks had been drawn off to the South and East. He was not overawed by the position on the Russian front, because he had sold himself months before it developed. He may have formed the opinion that Germany would be successful, but he never pledged himself to the Huns with that event as the sole string to his bow. Prussian gratitude is not of a true, fixed, and lasting quality, as those who have worked for her can bear witness. In an article which appeared in the *Aftonblad* over

forty years ago, the authorship of which was ascribed to King Charles XV of Sweden, uncle of the present sovereign, this characteristic was set out in terms which provoked growls of resentment from those who best knew their accuracy. "Austria," it said, "helped Prussia against Denmark, and was rewarded with Sadowa and impotence. Napoleon III at that time reckoned on being paid for his neutrality." (The fact is that Napoleon after the Schleswig-Holstein raid accepted a verbal promise from Bismarck instead of demanding a "scrap of paper" by which Bethmann-Hollweg's predecessor might possibly have been bound.) "The payment consisted in Sedan, the Paris Commune, and the International." It has not been by displaying "a lively sense of favors to come" that Prussia has gained control of mid-Europe, but by disabling those who have assisted her from requiring satisfaction. And, whatever she may have offered Ferdinand or the Young Turks, if the latter indeed obtained anything beyond merely personal inducements, the settlement with either will be such as is most convenient for a victorious Germany, which, to judge from the past, is a blank repudiation of any debt. Nor is this the worst. Germany, if successful, will not suffer a Balkan dog to live unless it barks in German. It would be a poor result if Ferdinand by his own endeavors were to reduce himself from Tsar of all the Bulgarians to a princelet taking his orders dutifully from Berlin. Had they been based exclusively on this alternative, his calculations would have been curiously and even peculiarly amiss.

But, on the other hand, should Germany be defeated, what are his hopes? From France he can look for no mercy. We imagine that France, whose keen-sighted foreign policy has maintained her in the front rank of

the nations, will drive the strictest bargain in settling the terms of peace. The French most wisely keep their sentiment and their interest in separate pockets. They formed their views of Ferdinand even before the demise of Stambuloff, and the "Bulgarian horrors" were not with them the prelude to a ferocious electoral campaign. In Russia the connection of kinship and faith may promote a feeling in favor of sparing the boundary lines of Bulgaria and the dynasty under Prince Boris, who is of the Orthodox Church, if the chief offender will remove himself to some leisurely Capua. It is not improbable, too, that Russian diplomacy may be guided in a measure by the attitude adopted by the British Government. Ferdinand knows that he has friends here, and he shares with his Teutonic leaders a profound disbelief in the thoroughness of our external policy. Already we have seen efforts made to dissociate the responsibility of the Bulgarian people from that of their king, just as, early in the war, certain persons tried to persuade us that we were fighting the Kaiser and not the Germans, or that the Saxons and Bavarians were somehow less combatant against us than the Prussians. Nor must we forget that for years Bulgaria has been the petted child of the anti-Turkish party, which has largely cost us the support of both Bulgars and Turks. As for our statesmanship, anything may be expected of Ministers who so far missed the unity of arms and craft as to tender concessions at the expense of Serbia, when Ferdinand had concluded other arrangements, and who threw Cyprus to the Greeks without ascertaining whether the bait would only be sniffed at. But that shilly-shallying methods like these will affect the final settlement we have not the slightest apprehension. If before that stage the politicians have not learnt the hard les-

sons of war, the people will insist on reward or retribution being allocated justly according to the measure of

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friendship or hostility shown to our Allies and ourselves by every ruler and nation.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE FOREVER.

Dr. Strong, of Christ Church, newly appointed Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, does well to insist upon the part of the Universities in the war. Oxford carries on to-day much as industrial France carries on—content to abide a frugal interim. Thereby Oxford and Cambridge, stripped of their men and their fees and their normal life, are laying up rich claims to be a vital part of English life. The absurd idea, encouraged by jealous outsiders, that the older Universities are cloistral, esoteric and remote—that they should be made “popular” and “practical,” that they should be “nationalized” and consecrated to pure “utility”—these ignorant proposals look very foolish and small to-day.

We have several times referred to the way in which the older Universities have met the burden which to-day is laid on everyone who has a sense of what right and freedom mean. They have only acted as they were bound to act; but, in doing so, they have justified themselves in the eyes of many who once were quick to misconceive their spirit and intention. The older Universities were never meant to be a higher kind of polytechnique, where useful knowledge is distributed. The main intention of Oxford and Cambridge is not even scholarship and high thinking; though without these things, we truly believe, a nation will perish. The main intention of Oxford and Cambridge is to encourage a spirit among the young men of England which looks instinctively beyond utility and is conscious of a call to account very strictly to the world for such

talent or power as a man may have. To make a man truly responsible without making him a prig—to make of him a gentleman without making him a “gent”—that is the intention of Oxford and Cambridge. A brilliant writer upon the idea of aristocracy in history, now with the Expeditionary Force in Flanders, has thus described the virtues at which a leader of men should aim. His virtue is “that he can be trusted at all times and in all places, that he is sincere, that he is staunch and constant in matters of principle; that he never sacrifices the greater to the less, and that he is sufficiently self-reliant and strong to consider others.” This writer continues: “If England has shown any stability at all, it is owing to the fact that she has reared crop after crop of such men, and that these men have been sent to all corners of the globe to represent her.”

To-day they are representing England in arms. Only three hundred men, unfit for active service, have answered the roll at Oxford during these last days of assembling for a new term. The normal scholarly, sporting and social life of the Universities does not now exist. The older Fellows have devoted themselves either to educating public opinion as to the war or to working directly under the Government. Oxford all last year was a garrison town. The grass has been worn from the playing-fields by battalions at drill. Men have come back to their University from the ends of the earth to find a place in the service of their country. All this simply means that the Uni-

versities have faithfully in a prosperous and, it was said, an idle past served their purpose. They have aimed at creating in their men the idea of obligation. They have rested quietly at the heart of English life. Through an age which more and more insisted upon direct value in coin as the reward for its activity they have stood for a learning which has been repeatedly denounced as "barren." They have kept generations of young men in touch with literature and with the finest thought of all ages. They have asked them to learn many a thing for its own sake, and thus taught them a pride of doing well, as a good in itself, in things not immediately profitable. At a time when pride of work was fast ceasing to exist in England (witness the organized stinting and spoiling of labor practised in all our factories), the mere bright "uselessness" of Greek has been an argument for retaining it. It was a small detail which typifies the whole spirit of the Universities.

The best way to judge of an institution is by its fruits. Oxford and Cambridge clearly stand for education to-day as none of our later "democratic" institutions can do. They have imparted not merely knowledge, but citizenship. They have done this, without exhortation or preachment, by sheer force of their traditions and atmosphere. Education is breathed in as naturally and freely as the air. It is not a fragile thing of copy-books and good resolutions. It can stand tests which copy-book morality would fail to meet. England, in this time of need, can count very few defaulters among the men who have come down from Oxford and Cambridge. The Roll of Honor in this war will honor these institutions above all others.

We have probably heard the last of making the Universities democratic,

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for it is seen that they are far more democratic to-day than Federations of Trade Unions and Committees of Union and Progress. We are not going to exchange the young captain of to-day for expert contrivers who can speak German, but no Greek, and know how good bargains can be made at the public expense. The Universities, old as they are, stand to-day for the young idea of service and self-discipline as opposed to an evil interim of mad industrialism and selfish competition. They can be bold and militant henceforth, not quite so shy and flirtatious with "reform." Under pressure and criticism they have had in recent years to be a little diffident and reserved. Their directors have even yielded points to enemies who have envied and hated their distinction and desired to level all national education down to their own. Now the Universities are preserved to stand for a new spirit and generation. It will be their high function to inspire and lead far in the coming years, to spread farther and instil deeper the ideals for which they stand. They stand high among many things whose value, unsuspected by people who listened to shallow orators and fed upon worn phrases, the war has revealed. The men at the Front know this well enough; for they are winning in war emancipation from hearsay and the dominion of loose mouths. Before this war, with its harsh surprises and slow disillusion, is finished the whole nation will know it too. It needs to know, or it will go down altogether, that no nation can live behind a counter all its days. That is a truth for which the Universities have always stood, which they have bred into the flesh and blood of England for generations; and it is a truth which their former critics are fast beginning to learn in all its significance and scope.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"A Man's Hearth," by Eleanor M. Ingram, is a romance of domestic life and of business, contrasting two women, and their influence upon the men whom they ruled in turn. One is unscrupulous, the other high-principled; both are clever, and both successful, each in her own way: and one leaves them with a cheerful conviction that time is going to give each precisely what she deserves. Both they and "their men," to use their phrase, are original without being eccentric, and all of them are handsome. This is not a novel in which one is requested to sympathize with plain-featured, bony virtue, and to suspect faultless faces and forms, but its most original character is the least commendable that it has to offer, and one likes him in spite of his failings. An adorable baby is pictured by Mr. Edmund Frederick in one of three good-colored plates, but the author describes his tricks and his manners in a fashion so graphic that all readers can see him unaided. J. B. Lippincott Co.

There is a certain unforeseen timeliness in the title of Arthur Christopher Benson's "Escape and Other Essays" (The Century Co.) because it offers the reader an escape—for a little while at least—from discussions of war and diplomacy, and the horrors that flame out from newspaper headlines, into the familiar bypaths of sentiment, reminiscence and reflection, along which Mr. Benson is one of the most delightful guides and companions. It is because nearly all of these fifteen essays were written before the war began that the war note is absent from them—except from the brief and sympathetic Introduction. Books and people, poets and their songs, the out-

door life and intimate meditations, the world past and the world to come, these are the themes which engage Mr. Benson's thought in these charming papers.

"A Maid of '76," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, is the story of a motherless little girl of the Massachusetts colony during the stirring days of the Revolution. Charlotte's father was a staunch loyalist but a lover of his new country and his new neighbors as well. Charlotte was an ardent patriot and it was her heart's desire to win her father to the cause. He believed that if he could have a personal interview with General Gage he could explain conditions in such a way that there would be no war. For this purpose he journeyed from his home village to Boston, accompanied by Charlotte and her small brother. Failing in his mission there, he went to London to see the King. After an interview with King George he returned to America, disgusted and saddened but with his whole heart in sympathy with the patriots. Throughout his travels and varied experiences Charlotte is the heroine, for it is Charlotte who succeeds in clearing her father from the charge of spy brought against him once in Boston and again in London; it is Charlotte who manages the interview with the King, and it is Charlotte who helps to bring them all safely home again, her heart's desire won. "A Maid of '76" is a clean, sweet, wholesome book for young people, interesting and inspiring. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Compton MacKenzie's "Plasher's Mead" might very well be called a dream of ineffectiveness, for the one

really decisive action described in its pages neutralizes the effect of all attempts at motion previously made by any of its characters, and leaves them very nearly where it found them, except that the hero is poorer in purse, although richer by two years' experience of the ways of women. As for the ladies concerned, they also are somewhat wiser, and only one of them threatens to get her to a nunnery. It must not be understood that the story can be accused of dullness: Mr. MacKenzie minutely outlines the ways of a maid and a man in the first love affair of their lives, but the maid's two sisters are quite as vivid figures as she; her father is an original compound of real piety, ecclesiastical carelessness, and meticulous botany, and her mother is the most charming little Partlet that ever was bewildered by three wayward chickens. Mr. MacKenzie follows the school of Jane Austen and Dr. Johnson, believing that no words are too good to be used in conversation, but he has a sharp eye for rural sights and sounds and some of his English rustics are as good as Mr. Hardy's. Harper & Bros.

The late F. Hopkinson Smith crowded his last novel, "*Felix O'Day*," with so many new characters that one hardly knows how to marshal their little company. Felix himself is a mystery, and his proceedings are a puzzle for many a page, and before one sees the meaning of his tactics, the interest has shifted, and new persons carry on the tale. A competent dog, a small girl of real genius, a German whose curiosity shop is a rarely arranged museum of wonders each one successively making itself useful, and a coterie of neighbors adept in social service are among the pictures which he shows, and when the plot thickens and their relations become serious one finds that the au-

thor has written no careless or unnecessary word from the beginning, and that the beautiful ending of the tale has always been in his mind. The patient husband is of a more complex nature than the hero of "*Caleb West*," the heroine suffers more poignantly and the ending is a surprise to the reader. Women will find nothing surprising in the chivalrous attitude of the many-sided artist, but men will be charmed by this last proof that his art turned again towards the boundless deep whence it drew its being still full and strong. He left no line which North, or South, black or white, would wish to blot. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The immaculate ignorance of the French young girl is proverbial, and in "*Eve Dorre*," by Emily Viélé Strother, it is set forth with minute particularity. The second title, "*The Story of her Precarious Youth*," is most judiciously worded, for Eve's beautiful mother is careless, and Eve is enterprising, and presents her betrothed long before he is expected, and obstinately refuses to accept a more eligible suitor with no fortune and only one lung. Dorre Père hardly appears in the tale: Dorre Mère does not die until the world is adjusted to her liking, and Eve's one escapade has arranged itself perfectly. The story is simple, but its interest is heightened by its exposition of certain minute details of Parisian family life of forty years ago and of the conventual training given to French girls before the days of Anglomania, but the French woman of all ages fares very well at the hands of the author. The Epilogue is a vignette of the uprising of France. "Love, life, art, all will have to go unless God wills otherwise," writes the mother and wife who has sent her boy among the cannon and is ready to send her husband, if he be

needed, and to do a man's work while separated from him. She becomes so real that one rejoices in her love for the country beloved by all women, not German, from Mary Stuart to Josephine. Eve Dorre will make friends for France and for herself. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The latest American novelists of 1915 seem to prefer amusing their readers, to warning them of external dangers or economic troubles, and "Up the Road with Sallie," by Frances R. Sterrett, is pure comedy in its incident and is written with unflagging drollery. The heroine is an American girl of to-day with such modifications as come from having been educated in a French convent, and having had school friends of many nations whose bitter war experience has touched her heart, and made her feel lonesome among her contented, happy kinsfolk and friends at home. Being mistress of a little motor car obtained in a purely American manner, she persuades her most dignified and unapproachable aunt to be her companion in a journey in search of adventure. What they seek they find, and repeatedly endure discomfort and affright before they come home bringing such sheaves with them as reconcile both of them to having been drenched and mud-splashed, and compelled to associate with criminals of the deepest dye. The story has four illustrations by C. H. Taff, and the author dedicates it to "The men of the family, Edward E. and Edward J." The women to whom the author introduces her readers are better than the men, but all are pleasantly original. D. Appleton & Co.

Witter Bynner's poem "The New World" (Mitchell Kennerley) is a poem of democracy—American democracy—earnest, imaginative, and passionate with a passion which becomes

at times almost incoherent yet appeals strangely to the emotions. Its keynote is that of sympathy and human brotherhood, expressing itself in lines like these:

O doubters of democracy,
Undo your mean contemptuous art!—
More than in all that poetry has said,
More than in mound or marble, in the
living live the dead.

The past has done its reproductive
part.

Hear now the cry of beauty's present
needs,

Of comrades levelling a thousand
creeds,

Finding futility

In conflict, selfishness, hardness of
heart!

For love has many poets who can see
Ascending in the sky

Above the shadowy passes

The everlasting hills: humanity.

O doubters of the time to be,

What is this might, this mystery,

Moving and singing through democracy,

This music of the masses

And of you and me—

But purging and dynamic poetry!—

What is this eagerness from sea to sea

But young divinity!

Boston will never cease to claim Judge Robert Grant as one of her authors, although Charles Scribner's Sons are now his publishers, and the scene of his latest novel, "The High Priestess," is Benham, one of those suburbs which, in the opinion of their inhabitants are peopled by a superior race, living in the best possible way in the best possible homes. But the disturbing force known as modernity entered into one of these domiciles, and nearly destroyed it while the high priestess of the sacred fire wandered far in pursuit of strange gods, and neglected the domestic hearth. She wished to give part of her time to art, not for art's sake, but for substantial payment, and she rejoiced in adding funds to the common treasury, and she also found delight

in making her home a social centre, and in promoting her husband's political schemes by her social abilities, and to be a perfect mother of awe inspiring perfection was another of her ambitions. With all this on her mind, she remained perfectly unconscious of her husband's mental and moral constitution, and unwittingly exposed him to temptation and punished him roundly for a single moment of yielding. The varied cluster of friends whom the pair gather about them afford the author excellent opportunity for strong outline sketches of a multiplicity of persons, but in this story, as in all of his previous books, it is in showing the development of character that Judge Grant especially shines. As Selma White, his first great success, grew to be almost disgusting, because of her ingrained selfishness, so all the women in this novel improve in spite of errors, because their motives are righteous. The reader may draw the moral at his leisure; the author does not feel it necessary to label his work as the antidote for evil that it is.

The Eastern Question, the Hampton Court Maze, and, in its time, the Cretan Labyrinth, have undoubtedly puzzled those who attempted to penetrate their mysteries, but easy is the task of those explorers compared to that undertaken by him who strives to disentangle the misunderstandings involved in a school or college quarrel. In "The Twisted Skein," Mr. Ralph D. Paine describes such an affair, and Yale slang, the interference of two old graduates, and the grandiloquence of a student with a vocabulary spice the story. The hero is a grind who tootles the flute, and is desirous of distinction as an oarsman, although disgracefully proficient in his studies, and he falls under suspicion when certain freshmen attempt to plan a trick upon

an irascible nautical resident of East Haven. The skein of his life is twisted indeed, before the reaction begins, and all his friends and his two ill-wishers are deeply interested in him when a glorious victory on the river ends the book with the band playing, "Mother of Men, Old Yale." The author displays an almost uncanny knowledge of the young person who lies in wait for the silly student and is equally content when rewarded by a breach of promise suit or a wedding-ring. The student will not profit by this, but the girl may, and any lover of innocent fun will enjoy the story. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"When My Ship Comes In," by Gouverneur Morris, has all of its author's characteristic fresh candor and faith in human nature. The story deals with a brilliant but unscrupulous actor-manager who, after stealing a play from a young and unknown playwright, goes on a vacation to work over the play and to seek what his genius is always seeking, the actress to interpret his plays. While coasting along the New England shore, a storm compels him to seek refuge in a little fishing village. It is here that he finds his actress, a young girl unaware of her talent but with an innate love for acting which Heddon, the actor-manager, fans into so strong a desire that Silva Sands over-rides her parents' wishes and goes to New York to star in Heddon's wonderful new play. But Silva Sands falls in love, and as luck will have it, her lover is the true author of the stolen play, and in spite of all the machinations of Heddon, love and goodness prevail. "When My Ship Comes In" solves no problems, but it creates that ardent satisfaction children experience when the wicked dwarf is slain and the fairy princess is united to her prince to live happy ever after. Charles Scribner's Sons.